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THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

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A SONG FOR SEPTEMBER.

BY THOMAS W. PARSONS.

September strews the woodland o'er
With many a brilliant color;
The world is brighter than before—
Why should our hearts be duller?
Sorrow and the scarlet leaf,
Sad thoughts and sunny weather,
Ah, me! this glory and this grief
Agree not well together.

This is the parting season—this
The time when friends are flying:
And lovers now, with many a kiss,
Their long farewells are sighing.
Why is earth so gaily dressed?
This pomp that autumn beareth
A funeral seems, where every guest
A bridal garment weareth.

Each one of us, perchance, may here,
On some blue morn hereafter,
Return to view the gaudy year,
But not with boyish laughter;
We shall then be wrinkled men,
Our brows with silver laden:
And thou this glen may'st seek again,
But nevermore a maiden!

Nature, perhaps, foresees that Spring
Will touch her teeming bosom,
And that a few brief months will bring
The bird, the bee, the blossom;
Ah! these forests do not know—
Or would less brightly wither—
The virgin that adorns them so
Will nevermore come hither!

Original Novelet.

AMAZONIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY H. W. PETTIT.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MYSTERIOUS HUNTSMAN.

The blooming spring-time came at last, with its balmy southern breezes, releasing the ice bound river, and swelling the crimson buds to bursting. The wide savannah was clothed with crisp new grass, and the rolling waves of prairie upland blossomed with a thousand fragrant rich-hued flowers. All nature was again reanimated as it had been at every returning spring for centuries; still the silence of the wilderness remained unbroken save by Altamont and the things of nature. On only one occasion (and from that one dated an era) was their solitude invaded. Upon a sunny afternoon in June, Henry was confounded by beholding the approach of a steamboat puffing a vast cloud of steam, and rudely ploughing up the fair bosom of the river, as the prow divided it into two receding lines of waves that dashed saucily against the solemn old banks.

Henry felt that his Crusoe life was ended; for to him this unlucky steamboat was but a forerunner of that great bore, Civilization; and already he was casting about in his mind where he might transfer his residence and be safe from the encroachments of steam and Yankee enterprise. Still it was with joy he beheld the approach of a human being once more, and he therefore prepared his entire stock of firearms for a salute, which he fired as the boat came opposite his lodge, which had the effect of attracting their attention and bringing them to.

He found a party of young New Englanders going up the river to some town situated upon the head waters, nearly two hundred miles above, among rich pine forests with which that region abounds. Ever ready for a trade they soon bartered with him for several bales of pelts and furs he had obtained, and sold to him a large quantity of necessaries and luxuries in return for his gold, which he expended with a profusion that made these close-fisted Yankees stare with wonder. During the entire afternoon the "Pioneer" lay moored at the bank, landing Altamont's purchases and taking in fuel; the passengers in the meantime visiting our hero at his cottage. They were filled with astonishment in the first place that a man of his evident wealth and education should thus choose to flee society; and again that a person so totally unused to labor and hardship should have erected so comfortable and neat a dwelling, and succeeded so well in supporting such an establishment by his own hands. Henry received all their insinuations and compliments with an equal amount of complaisant indifference. They wandered about; admired the beauty of the scenery; partook of the hermit hunter's hospitality and venison, and before the next sunrise were far out of sight on their course up the river.

As his nearest neighbor was a hundred miles off, Henry decided on remaining where he was, until the population at least doubled within that radius, before he would entertain the idea of changing his residence on account of it being too thickly settled. After the advent of the steamboat had become an old story between him and the boy Tom, he relapsed into his former habits and thoughts, again becoming daily more attached to this free mode of life; being more and more confirmed in his resolve never to leave it or to mingle more with society.

His stock of game getting low, Altamont donned his hunting-suit one glorious morning, and mounting his favorite hunter, rode away, followed by a pack of deer-hounds held in leash by Tom. Taking a path leading through the bluffs beside a clear trout stream that had worn a deep gorge in the hill; they found themselves in the course of half an hour on a wide rolling prairie, dotted here and there with grass, and skirted with openings. Henry stationed himself in ambush near the bank of this gorge, as it was a path which the deer almost invariably took when hunted by the hounds in escaping to the river; while he despatched Tom with the dogs to a distant part of the plain to start the game. The trusty servant soon disappeared from sight, scarcely able to restrain the eager animals. A half an hour passed quickly by, when from the far off hill swelled that sweetest of all sounds to the huntsman, the baying of the hounds. The full deep chested strain was welcome music to his delighted ear. Onward they came, making directly for his covert; Henry, in a fever of excitement, prepared to bring down the buck that galloped so easily over the waving prairie towards him. A moment more and his proud antlers were sweeping past scarcely ten yards distant. With skillful aim the sportsman waited the exact moment and then sent the bullet whizzing through its with unerring certainty. The noble animal bounded forward once more and falls dead. At that moment Henry heard a huntsman's dog whistle, and looking around saw the two hounds that had followed the deer retreating. He called, but they heeded not; then remarking their shape and color, he saw they did not belong to his pack, but were very fine animals, and evidently belonged to some strange sportsman. No sooner was this suspicion fixed in his mind than he watched their course, and saw them following a hunter in full field-dress, mounted on a powerful black horse, cantering rapidly over the top of a knoll on the prairie. Upon examining the deer he found him wounded by a bullet passing through the neck, while the death shot, which he had dealt, had passed through his heart. Altamont spurred his horse after the retreating figure, and halloed to him, for he wished to make amends for transgressing thus the rules of hunting etiquette; but in vain; he either heard him not or did not wish to hear, for he turned neither to the right nor left, but rode rapidly away, presently disappearing almost mysteriously in the hollows and bushes. Then again came the music of the pack in full cry; Henry listened attentively; it was his own pack this time; he recognized their familiar voices; and he scarcely had time to regain his ambush and load his rifle, when a monstrous elk came trotting out of the grove, crashing through the young trees and hazel-bushes. He fired at the right moment, but his aim was defective, merely wounding the animal, who never slackened his speed but went thundering down through the gorge followed by Henry, Tom, the dogs, all pell mell, like some troop of demons after another Tam O'Shanter, making a horrible din as they went clattering and yelling down that resounding gulf. Rapidly losing blood from his wound the game was obliged to slacken his pace at last from sheer weakness; finding the hounds too close upon his heels as he emerged upon the savannah, he leaped the low bank of the river and stood in the water's edge at bay. Altamont hastily loaded his rifle and took a surer aim, which brought the noble brute to the ground, another trophy to this young Nimrod.

In the wild frenzy of this exciting melee, Henry had entirely forgotten the mysterious appearance of a strange huntsman, and it was not until the next day when he passed the half-devoured carcass of the deer that it again recurred to his thoughts. He knew there were no settlements within thirty leagues of his house, so it was scarcely reasonable to conclude he was a straggler from there. He was evidently no common hunter or trapper, for his appointments were perfect and costly, and he backed a horse that showed his foreign breeding and imported blood. The dogs also were of the best stock of rare old stag hounds in Great Britain. All this Altamont marked with a glance as he saw their figures retreating over the hill. Henry was satisfied that he was a new comer, for had he not been there nearly a year and scoured the hills, dell, streams, and woods in every direction for miles around, and never before detected a trace of the other's presence? Who was he? Where was he? What right had he to intrude upon the sacred solitudes of his Juan Fernandez, dedicated especially to him and his man Friday? Tom also felt a corresponding degree of bitterness towards the mysterious huntsman, as the very person who would be apt to wrest the island from his rule which his gracious lord and master, Don Quixote Altamont, would probably bestow upon his faithful Squire Tom Panza. The master felt himself aggrieved, and the servant, not knowing why, experienced a growing hostility towards this interloper. Henry was the most abused man on earth—First, he must be so unlucky as to be born rich, and next to have every educational advantage lavished upon him which fostered the growth of those abominations to a man's happiness, refined tastes and sensibilities. Then, his great, good for-nothing heart must always be going forth to meet some other heart—its superabundance of overflowing affection attaching itself to such a good-for-nothing cheat as Julian Paul, and chasing off after unattainable Lydia Falcondales.—Next, those aforesaid delicate sensibilities must undergo a dozen or more rude shocks, lacerations, punches and gouges from that unparalleled plague, Amazonia; and then, on going off into the wilderness to live like Alexander Selkirk, before the first year has passed, a little, nasty, smoking steamboat must come poking into his domain; finally, to cap the climax, he is to have all his castles in the air entirely demolished by a rascally poacher that comes trooping over his territory as if it did not really belong to him by right of discovery, scaring all the birds and killing the deer, without so much as asking leave. Such things were not to be endured longer; people were getting too numerous. One man besides himself and servant within a circle of two hundred miles diameter—numerous!

About this time the sun had neared the meridian, and Altamont had wandered far from home in deep thought, brooding over his imaginary misfortunes, when suddenly he was aroused from his reverie by the baying of the keen-scented dogs. He found the pack jumping and gnawing the bark of a dead tree, in the top of which lay stretched along the branches a monstrous panther. The tree stood alone upon the brink of a steep bank, so that it was the only refuge the animal had. As our huntsman was one of those persons who could not help killing game when he saw it, whether he wanted it or not, any more than a terrier can restrain himself from killing rats; he drew his rifle tube upon the lithe form above him, and discharged the contents full at the brute.—Down he came, crashing through the dead limbs with a heavy thud on to the ground. The hounds were into him in a moment, and in another moment the panther, who was only wounded, killed the best dog in the pack with one stroke of his paw. Forgetting discretion in his wrath, Henry grasped his heavy hunting-knife in his hand, and sprang to the rescue. Plunging the blade with repeated strokes into the animal's body, he would have soon terminated the scene with the usual announcement of the victory of the hunter, had not the ferocious beast, in an agony of pain and rage, gathered all his remaining strength, and sprung upon his tormentor, and borne him struggling to the earth. Henry closed with him, grasping his throat with one hand, while with the other he plied the biting steel. Thus they rolled upon the ground in mortal combat, until, by fatal accident, they neared the brink of the cliff; so much occupied were they in their fierce struggle for the mastery, that they heeded not their greater danger until it was too late, and they both were precipitated down the precipice, clasped still in deadly embrace. At this juncture, Tom rode up in time to behold with dismay the destruction of his friend and master. He stood gazing down into the abyss transfixed with horror, while the intelligent hounds whined dolefully in view of the catastrophe.

CHAPTER V.

"YOUNG MASTER."

When Altamont once more opened his eyes on sublunary things, which pleasure he had run a narrow chance of never enjoying again, he was amazed with the strange surroundings. An ample room, furnished with every appointment of domestic economy, mingled with many articles of luxury and taste. Musical instruments lay in picturesque confusion in one corner, while in another part of the room were grouped every kind of implement used in modern field sporting; a few rich pieces of furniture seemed out of their element in this strange abode.—Masterly oil paintings and spirited crayon sketches depended from the rough white-washed walls, while the catalogue is nearly complete in the ticking timepiece, and the hanging shelves stocked with some hundred volumes of miscellaneous literature in several languages, betraying the mind of refinement and education. Altamont took a full inventory of all these indications of enlightened tastes and signs of a person with a mind congenial to his own passions and pursuits, as he slowly opened his eyes upon this strange scene. But what attracted his attention most was a person seated in abstraction by the open door, gazing vacantly through the distant landscape to remoter scenes of memory. The form, as it was seen with the back partly turned towards him, and sunk into the arms of an easy chair, was to his eyes the perfection of symmetry, in every line and graceful proportion. The youth was clothed in a fanciful, close-fitting hunting costume, which displayed a rounded limb and delicacy of elegant outline that bespoke the stranger a very Apollo in finished exterior. Curling brown locks clustered beneath his velvet cap, while his upper lip was adorned with a manly, dark moustache. Henry, making a slight movement, elicited a rustling sound from his garments, which, though faint, was sufficient to attract the attention of the other occupant of the room.—Hastily arising, he manifested the greatest delight at seeing our adventurer returned to consciousness. The sad expression of his features was dispelled immediately by another radiant with joy. Advancing to the bedside, he offered a cooling draught with such an air of kind attention as to completely win the stubborn heart of our misanthropic hero. His entertainer continually evinced a soft sympathy for his every discomfort, and anticipated his slightest wish with anxious alacrity. His assistance was not of that intrusive, officious character that so often becomes hateful to the invalid, but was rather marked by a tender regard for the stranger's sensitive feelings, which manifested a refined compassion for his misfortune and sufferings.

"It seems I have had something of a rude tumble," said Henry.

"And it is wonderful that you should have escaped from it with your life; but as it is, I think you will get off with a few bruises and a scratch or two. Heavens, what a risk you ran in closing with a beast of that character!"

"By-the-bye, what has become of the game?" inquired Altamont.

"The unfortunate game! it would have been better if you had never encountered it," returned the young stranger. "Still, he fared much worse than you, for he was found dead at the foot of the bank, with your hunting-blade piercing his vitals. Happily for your safety, the force of the fall was broken by a thick undergrowth of young trees and bushes; therefore you have most fortunately escaped with whole bones this time, though it would be advisable to stay within doors for a few days, until you have entirely recovered from the shock of the fall."

Poor Altamont did not know he had already been for a week in a feverish delirium, but he suspected as much when his servant Tom came softly into the room, appearing perfectly at home in his new quarters, and almost shouting with joy when he found "Mass'r in his senses again."

On instituting farther inquiry, his servant detailed many circumstances that loaded him with obligations to his young benefactor and entertainer, so that he freely forgave him for trespassing on his retirement, and furthermore created a feeling of thankfulness that he should have been so opportunely at hand to restore him to life by his kind attendance.

As the days wore on, Henry regained his former vigor, and once more resumed his saddle in the chase. He made the warmest demonstrations of gratitude to his newly-found friend, and with a thousand asseverations of good will, showed that he appreciated the obligations he was under to the young man. He even offered his most intimate friendship, and expressed an urgent desire to continue an acquaintance that promised so much pleasure. Still, there was an air of insincerity in Henry's offers and assertions that plainly showed he made all these demonstrations, because they were expected of him in return for the kindness he had received, not really because he wished to extend their intercourse farther, for he expected the stranger would force his company upon him, as if he had even a right to his friendship. Thus far he was mistaken. The youth saw through all his shallow protestations at a glance, and felt injured that Altamont should think so meanly of him as to ascribe the favors he had so naturally bestowed to a moment's remembrance on his part. He scorned to accept friendship or intercourse on such grounds, and remarked to Henry that his pursuits were solitary, and all his pleasures were those of an anchorite, though his necessities and occupations often led him to the field.

"Yet," continued he, "I should scarcely deny you admittance, should you knock at my door, or withhold my friendship in conversation on any occasion."

Henry was more amazed than charmed at affairs taking this turn, for, as he saw the possibility of losing his new acquaintance entirely, he immediately became aware of a thousand excellent excuses for their continuing a friendship begun so strangely. His haughty tone of patronage was changed to one of entreaty almost; and as the moment of parting came, he would only go on receiving the privilege of coming to see him again on the morrow. To-morrow's sun had scarcely passed the meridian, when Henry was seen in his newest attire riding up the little valley, where the spacious log dwelling of the mysterious youth was situated. A negro man and woman constituted the entire corps of servants of the stranger, and encountering Sam, the man-servant, Altamont questioned him regarding his antecedents, and who the young man was.

"Who? He?" replied the sagacious Sam. "Oh, that's the young master."

And that was the extent of the information he could gather. Tom also was equally unsuccessful with Sam's wife, Juno, the amount of her knowledge being confined merely to imparting the fact, "it was the young master, that's all."

Riding up to the door, Henry was met by the young hermit at the threshold. Leaping from the saddle, he clasped his proffered hand with an expression of unassumed joy, that completely mollified the cool reserve of the youth, and lightened his handsome countenance with beaming smiles. The impulsive Altamont was overpowering in his declarations of regard, and in the fulness of his warm heart, would have clasped his friend in his arms, had he not shrunk from the embrace with the timid modesty of a girl. The friendship quickly ripened into the very intimacy that Altamont had at first foreseen and deplored; but the advances were all from him, while, at the same time, he was continually grateful for the other's condescension. Henry poured into his interested ear the whole story of his life, his travels abroad, his adventures at home, his loves, hates, hopes and plans for the future; his attentive listener, however, never honored him with similar confidence. Everything regarding his former life, to the manifest perplexity of Altamont, remained a mystery. Yet his externals and surroundings proclaimed him the child of luxury and refinement. The princely manners and aristocratic air indicated nature's nobleman. His liberal and varied education was betrayed in the articles of taste in his possession, the different languages represented in his library, the perfect cultivation of his voice in singing, the masterly execution upon the guitar and other instruments, the admirable sketches and beautiful painting; all bespoke the gentleman of high breeding and accomplishment. In the manlier attainments of out-of-door's amusements he was scarcely a whit beneath the proud Virginian, and now that their intimacy was commenced, his slight figure was ever seen by the side of the stouter Altamont, and often foremost in the chase.

"My name? What shall you call me?" replied he, pleasantly, to Henry's direct inquiry. "Call me anything you please, I am *incognito*—this is only a masquerade. To you, to everybody incog."

"I suppose I shall have to be satisfied," said his questioner, "but I don't't approve of young princes of the royal family going off into the woods and making poor hermits like me believe they are only fellows by the name of Incog."

And from this sally grew a joking conversation, Altamont addressing his friend as "Mr. Incog," and he answering as readily to that appellation.

"Give that lone 'Incog' some company, and I will own the name as proudly as I would wear the title of My Lord or Highness the Prince. Let some decent, respectable surname be associated, and I am content."

"The first that comes to mind, commence with A, 'Adam, Adolphus, Absalom, Abner,'" began Henry.

"Horrid! horrid!" exclaimed the anonymous youth.

"Alfred, Amphytrite," continued Altamont.

"Worse and worse," cried the fastidious Incog.

"Augustus, Artaxerxes, Ahasuerus, Anthony—"

"Anthony—that is a manly-sounding name—Anthony Incog," said the young man; "well, I am content."

"I therefore christen you 'Anthony Incog,' in presence of Tom, Sam, and the remainder of the congregation," said Henry, with mock solemnity.

The summer hours passed swiftly away, enlivened with many farcical scenes and conversations, such as above detailed. The two became daily more attached to each other. Altamont seemed in love with Anthony, while the latter never was happy out of his presence. They galloped side by side over the wide savannah, and combined in their designs upon the animal world. They read together, sang and played together, sketched the same landscape, in fact, were inseparable. Altamont seemed drawn towards the youth by some strange attraction or instinct, while Anthony yielded to the enjoyment of his friendly regard, as if to the effect of some tempting draught, whose intoxicating power was bliss unspeakable.

CHAPTER VI.

HOME AGAIN.

Altamont was awakened one morning by the dismal scream of a steam-whistle. It was that dirty little craft, the "Pioneer," on her return from the exploring expedition she had been engaged in for the last few months on the head waters of the river. The captain run close up to the shore with his boat, and came to a full stop at the old moorings. He had a letter for Altamont. How any one had ascertained his address, was a mystery, but there was the letter, it spoke for itself. It was from home, written by the family attorney, announcing his father's decease, and making it imperatively necessary for him to repair immediately to the Homestead. Henry was shocked at this intelligence, and filled with remorse that he should have deserted his kind, bluff old father, leaving him to die without the presence of his only relation to close his eyes or solace his last moments. His regrets however were banished for the time by the necessity of preparing for his departure. Hastily writing a note to his neighbor, he apprised him in a few words of the state of affairs, and requested to come and see him off. The captain signified his intention of "wooding-up" at that point, which, as the wood required a vast amount of labor in chopping preparatory to going on to the boat, would delay them two or three hours at least. Ere half of that time had elapsed, Anthony came galloping to Altamont's lodge. The captain immediately recognized the young hunter as an old acquaintance, and it now appeared that Prince Incog had landed from the steamboat on its former visit, with his entire suite of servants, dogs and horses in the middle of the night in a very clandestine manner, indeed. But Henry had not time to have his curiosity excited, as he had many preparations to make in view of his absence. He commenced his adieus to his friend, who informed him that all such ceremony was needless, as he intended to accompany him a greater part of his journey, and unstrapping his portmanteau from the saddle, declared his readiness to set out even that very moment. Henry was agreeably surprised at this intimation of his companion's determination, as he had supposed he had secluded himself from the world for life. Anthony pleaded lonesomeness, the calls of business, and the desire to see his friends, as excuses for this journey; any of which would have been sufficient reasons with Altamont, providing it did not separate them.

Tom was to lord it over Altamont's little domain. While Sam and his wife were to regulate the economy of Anthony's domicile during the absence of their masters. The steamboat bell at last clanged a signal for departure, while the villainous yell of the whistle told the travellers of a magnificent head of steam impatient to be released. Tom wrung his master's hand, while Sam and the simple-hearted Juno, with tears, hung around their master's neck, showing the greatest unwillingness to part with him, but an admonitory cough or two from the steam pipes hastened their steps across the plank, and before morning they found themselves smoothly sailing down the tide of the great Mississippi, and ere the week had passed, Altamont found himself once more amid the familiar scenes of his boyhood, having missed his fellow-traveller a few hours before at some railway station in his journey. This circumstance, however, caused no feeling of astonishment in his mind, as he had expected as much from Anthony, who could not be prevailed upon even in their tenderest moments of intimacy to recall even a hint of his identity; and as it is seen, ingeniously preserved his incognito to the last.

Altamont found his attention, on arriving at the old homestead, occupied by a thousand pressing matters of business; which, combined with the grateful adulation of the world to the rich, handsome, young man he had become since last he appeared among them, so completely engaged his every moment, that they almost drove the recollection of the events of the past year from his mind; though there was one personage connected with those events, who was ever present in his leisure thoughts, arousing the wildest speculations in Henry's mind regarding his real self; his name, rank, fortune, and former history. Altamont was possessed of a presentiment that he should know all relating to this strange youth one day, and comforting his curiosity with this assurance, he would endeavor to dismiss the subject, and find oblivion in sleep; though vainly. A vision of a fair face etherialized to femininity, floated through his dreams—those finely-cut features, the brown moustache, and eyes illuminated with the soft light of a gentle heart and educated intelligence, haunted his pillow like some sweet phantom.

Henry finished the business of administering to his father's estate at last—and found himself, by the footing of a flattering balance sheet, to be a wealthy man. Handsome, wealthy, accomplished, and courted. What a happy future is that opening to a man with such prospects and possessions! He found the attractions held out by the world so enticing, as to become impossible for him to resist. Gradually he was drawn into the whirl, until finally he led the van in the tide of fashion and amusement. Invitations and visiting cards accumulated rapidly on his table, were consigned to the waste-basket, and accumulated again. In the morning it was perhaps a fox-hunt, or to witness a race; in the afternoon, mayhap a regatta or picnic, while the evening would rival these mere pastimes in a splendid soiree, a quieter *conversazione*, or the jovial hilarity of the club room.

In all this intercourse with society, he anxiously sought Lydia Falcondale, and tried as anxiously to avoid Amazonia. All of his search and *finesse* was however needless, for the first was said to be absent on a foreign tour, while no one was acquainted with any person with such a fancy appellation as Amazonia. Henry finally relinquished his fruitless manœuvring either to behold the charming Lydia or to shun the provoking Amazonia, and waited for events to transpire without his assistance.

At length that indefatigable votary of amusement, Major Carper, announced his annual masquerade; for the Major was so elaborate in his one grand entertainment, as to make it physically impossible to have it oftener. It was similar in that respect to the annual feast got up by the old dame in Scott's Old Mortality, who was half the year preparing for the dinner, and the other half in setting things aright afterwards. I would not, however, institute any farther parallel between our jovial friend the rubicund Major, and that fanatical old Presbyterian wife; not a bit of it; in all other respects they were antipodes.

Not an invitation was refused. Every one attended. The Major's spacious mansion was filled to overflowing, and the hospitable host the happiest man in existence. The splendid figure of Altamont was the cynosure of all gazers. He seemed in the highest spirits, and why should he not be—was he not the handsomest as well as wealthiest man in the room? Was not every mother's face wreathed in smiles, and every daughter most engagingly charming when he approached? All the fathers, were they not gracious—and the brothers, did they not vote him the prince of good-fellows? Did not those sisters and daughters all receive hints in the cloak room or some other private corner, though they knew it well enough before, that "Mr. Altamont was a magnificent catch?" And to cap all, did not the happy victim of all these arts know the full value of his attractive commodities; and was he not conscious of these innocent little intrigues and anxieties in his behalf? All this conduced much towards enhancing his good humor. And as he entered the billiard-room once more, the occasion was so happy as to have banished the recollection of his adventure when he was there a year before. He looked on as the balls spun across the cloth, clicked together and clicked again; for a few minutes, then turned to depart. Just at this moment a little gentleman, wearing a mask, touched his arm, and said,

"Ha! Monsieur Altamont—I am happy to meet with you again. Pardonne—you do not remember your very humble servant, Monsieur Lafosse. You know my fifty dollars. I demand my revenge of you."

Henry was aghast. Merely ejaculating, "Amazonia! damnation!" in a suppressed whisper of surprise and vexation, he strode out of the room.

The Frenchman twirling his moustaches and looking after his retreating figure with well dissembled astonishment, simply remarked, "Ver strange!" and disappeared in another direction.

This little circumstance completely upset the equanimity of Altamont, and awakened all those mortifying recollections which had lain comparatively dormant since his return. Going to the cloak-room with the intention of taking his departure, he there met a lady masked in the character of Columbine, who, on perceiving he was about to leave the entertainment, repeated with mocking vivacity the nursery couplet used so often to get rid of wakeful youngsters:

"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes men healthy, wealthy, and wise."

Henry was startled with the familiar sound of that voice.

"Who is this?" said he.

"Mother Goose, just at present," replied she.

Gazing at her with an astonished stare, he saw that her form was of statue like perfection, which her jaunty costume set off most bewitchingly. Peeping from her girdle, Henry recognised a locket and heavy gold chain. Springing forward in a commotion of joy and doubt, he grasped her hand.

"Can this be Lydia—Miss Falcondale," exclaimed he.

"No names," said she, drawing her fingers from his grasp, and disappearing through the door into the great saloon, was instantly lost to his sight. He was bewildered. That voice, where had he heard it before? But the voice was forgotten in remembering the scene which had just transpired. Her neck was suffused with blushes as her fingers trembled in his grasp. Was this an indication of any regard which she had entertained for him, or was it the memory of the scene which had occurred in the green-house at their last meeting which had caused this agitation? Our hero's bosom was in a tumult of excitement. He never had yet beheld her face, and it might have been another Gorgon, for aught he knew; had only seen her twice before; why was he thus interested in one with whom he was so totally unknown? Who will undertake to answer? The acutest philosopher, with all his knowledge of the human heart, will scarcely have the hardihood to undertake the task of ascribing to the lover *reasons* for his regard for the object of his affections, much less I, who, in all the humility of an unphilosophical individual, totally ignore acquaintance with things so far beyond my comprehension as human hearts and the springs that regulate their sympathies. The fact, however, was hourly more evident that Henry Altamont was enslaved by the fair masker who had once more crossed his path, and re-aroused those half-forgotten sentiments of esteem. Hastily repairing to the dressing-room, Henry selected the character of Harlequin, and repaired in this motley dress once more to the dancing hall. Espying fair Columbine on the opposite side of the room, he watched his opportunity when she was unengaged in conversation, and in mute pantomime signed his wish to engage her as a partner in the forthcoming schottische.

Laughingly approving of this new fancy of her admirer to evince his predilection, she gaily extended her fingers to be led on to the floor. The music burst forth into one of those exhilarating strains of melody to be found only in the irresistible waltzes of Strauss, and away they flew whirling through the mazes of that delightful dance. The music grew more and more spirited, and that splendid ball presented a picture dazzling in the extreme. A hundred lights gleamed from the chandeliers, the pendants of which refracted the brilliant rays into prismatic colors. The beautiful architecture of the room, embellished with a profusion of rich carving and gilding, pictures, and other bijouterie, all added much to heighten the scene. But the rarest attraction was the crowd of waltzers now so rapidly circling around the blazing saloon. The beautiful forms of the ladies, whose faces, concealed by their black silk masks, were charming in the imagination of the spectators,—the sparkling lustre of the flashing jewels, the rich and varied costume, the gallant men, and music the most exquisite, when combined with the happiness of the occasion, presented one of the most intoxicating scenes imaginable. Altamont, however, heeded not the merry assembly surrounding him, but was absorbed in the fair being who moved with him so gracefully in unison with the thrilling strains of melody, and reclined so lightly upon the arm that encircled her waist. A heaven of bliss opened on the far-off anticipations of the infatuated Altamont, and he would have kept on an hour after the remainder of the company had left the floor and the music entirely ceased, had not the sprightly Columbine at last pleaded fatigue.—Upon which intimation he seemed to awake as from some delightful trance, for he overwhelmed his partner with apologies for so far trespassing on her complaisance. Leading her to the refreshment-room, the ardent young chevalier pressed upon her the daintiest of refections, seasoned with compliments refined to the extremest delicacy. Henry was in a dream from which he wished no waking; happy in the sweet intercourse which he enjoyed, he did not care for the jeering remarks produced by his marked attention and apparent devotion to Miss Falcondale. Saucy damsels, safe in the protection of their sex and disguise, indulged in the most cutting satire and the keenest wit at his expense. Anxious mammas, seeing the prize hooked, brusquely passed him without notice, as they bore their darling daughters away to bait some smaller fry. Belligerent brothers thought of calling him to account; but as the result of an encounter with the best fencer in Virginia would undoubtedly incline in his favor, they concluded to pocket the affront which he had given to their sisters, (who, by the way, they did not care a fig for,) and allow him to go scot free this time. Henry, perfectly insensible to all such demonstrations, saw nothing but the queen of his soul, and heard nothing but her voice, as she carried on a vivacious conversation in an easy flow of language, relating, with happy humor, her experiences and adventures of travel. Watching her speaking lips with enraptured gaze, he appeared so entirely engrossed with the charming view, as to bring a burst of laughter from a gaudy Italian bandit, with Tyrolese hat, and crossed leggins, who stood a few paces distant. There was nothing of mirth in that derisive sound; scorn and contempt were, however, clearly expressed.—The mocking ridicule of the tone caused the lady to start as if she had been stricken with an arrow; while it grated so harshly on the sensitive nerves of Altamont, as to cause him to direct a scowling front towards the quarter from whence it had issued.—The lady looked not, but with her cheeks blanched with apprehension, silently withdrew. She had recognized the voice. But with Henry it was different; he gazed upon the dark, frowning countenance, and saw only a stranger. Henry advanced towards him with feelings full of indignation, and would have done him personal insult, had the bandit not been toying ominously with a monstrous jewelled poignard sticking in his sash. This circumstance even would have scarcely deterred the hasty Virginian from flipping the bandit's nose with his glove; but as he approached the offender, Henry recognized feature after feature. 'Twas the same who had so closely spied his movements, and acted as second in an affair with Monsieur Lafosse on a previous occasion.

"Julian Paul!" exclaimed he, starting forward in astonishment, and half-extending his hand.

Paul, however, gave him no farther heed than to bestow one look of fierce hate, as he passed him, and overtaking the retreating Columbine, led her, without delay, to the cloak-room and ordered her carriage. Altamont stood a few moments biting his nails with vexation and rage, and then resolving to deliver Lydia from Paul's tyranny if there was any compulsion employed by him, or if he exercised the least restraint of a disagreeable nature over her, he followed them to the cloak-room; they were gone.—Hoping to overtake them, he hastened to the carriage entrance, and there saw the bandit assisting a closely-shawled lady into a curtained carriage.—After carefully shutting the door of the vehicle, he mounted the box with the driver, and gave the word for starting, before Altamont could arrest his movements. In a moment they had dashed away; but before they had disappeared down the gravelled avenue, our lover had seen a white handkerchief dropped from the window of the chariot. Hastening down the steps he picked it up; the wheel had passed over it, and soiled the delicate web. It was a frail scented fabric, deeply edged with costly lace, and marked with the name of "Lydia Falcondale." Within its folds he found the remains of a crushed rosebud, so completely mangled as to make it difficult to tell that it was really a rose. Henry accepted the token with delight, and likened it to the state of her regard for him. The torn and lacerated rosebud was to him emblematic of crushed affection, of love smothered and persecuted by adverse circumstances.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

ANTIQUITY OF THE MAGNIFYING GLASS.—It is a curious circumstance that a *bona fide* magnifying glass, identified by Sir Edward Brewster as decidedly and designedly such, was recently found by Mr. Layard in one of the temples of Nineveh. Mr. Layard says that many of the cuneiform inscriptions and other smaller sculptures are so delicately cut and so minute, as to be "almost unintelligible without a magnifying glass."

☞ SUICIDE.—Some years ago a workman at the fortress of Ulm drowned himself in the Danube. In a pocket-book which was in his clothes, found on the banks, there was written in pencil: "My name is John Kroner. I am from Norenstettin, and intended only to bathe."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1856.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

Four Copies,		$5,00 a year.
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Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

CORRESPONDENTS.

C. P. C. Respectfully declined.

A GRADUATION asks our advice regarding his desire to become an actor. In the present condition of theatrical affairs, we advise him to be anything but an actor. It is, professionally considered, a hard and nauseous life. Amateur performing is very pleasant, no doubt, but the poor hack has to regard his occupation as a matter of business, and finds little satisfaction in it. Then it exposes one to peculiarly strong temptations, which but few escape. Drink is not the least of these. Actors are very apt to be intemperate men, and there are potent reasons why they become so. In fine, it's a bad profession to choose, and we counsel our friend to keep clear of it. When public opinion accepts the stage, elevates it, and uses it as an engine of moral education, our counsel will be different. But at present it is something to be shunned rather than sought.

S. A. B. Respectfully declined.

A CORRESPONDENT recently asked for a work on Western Plants. We have a letter from a gentleman in Kentucky, evidently a foreigner, since we are troubled to understand the English of his communication. If we do understand it, he says he has a work on the Analysis of Western Plants of his own composition—whether in *MS.* or print we know not. He signs himself "C," and gives as his address "Near Bloomfield, Nelson County, Ky."

"THE HENRY-HOUSE." Respectfully declined. It is good, but too local in meaning for public understanding.

CHIVALRY.

So much is said in this country of late years about Chivalry, that we are reminded to venture our views on the spirit and institution which alike bear that name. We propose to look at the subject historically—at least, so far as we are permitted by the brief space allotted to a newspaper article. It is a great subject, and needs to be treated at length in order to be treated properly. Strange, that it has not occurred to any of our scholars who read the Past in the large and liberal light of the nineteenth century, to devote a book to such a theme! Stranger still that among all the volumes that have been penned, there is not one that conveys a true idea of the institution that revolutionized and regenerated Christendom! The old writers are vague, formal, technical, and seem to have no adequate or accurate conception of their subject. Menestrier, Froissart, St. Palaye are mere chroniclers of the feudal Chivalry, which to the real is as pinchbeck to gold. The most elaborate treatise later time has produced is a work, entitled "*The Broad Stone of Honor*," by a Catholic gentleman, Mr. Henry Kenelm Digby. It is pedantic and unsatisfactory in the extreme. Mr. Mills, a ripe and rare scholar, fails to perceive the distinctive character of the institution, and argues badly as to its origin. Sir Walter Scott mixes it up with feudalism, and almost puts the armor before the knight that wore it, and the knight before the noble spirit that inspired him. In fact Sir Walter seems to have had no higher conception of the spirit of Chivalry than the old chroniclers. Nobody but a democrat can have, and the author of Ivanhoe, though a generous and kindly man, was a thorough aristocrat in all his habitudes of thought and predilections. Among the modern writers there are, so far as we know, but two that have made the distance between the popular idea and the truth of the matter, less by even a stride. The first is Charles Nodier, the French author, who, in his notes on the older work of the Chevalier St. Palaye, seems to have a gleam of the true nature of Chivalry, though but a gleam. The second is Mr. G. P. R. James who, in the introduction (all too brief) to his "Chivalry and the Crusades," has a fine statement of the origin and purpose of the institution in its loftiest day. But even Mr. James is not sufficiently definite and radical. Sir Walter Scott has his hand upon him. Yet of all men we think of, he seems the one most fitted to give us anything like a fair idea of Chivalry. It would hardly be final or full, but it would be fair, and we wish *Mr. James would seriously apply himself to the task.*

What was Chivalry?—when, and for what, did it originate?—what did it do, and when did it cease to exist?

Chivalry was a military institution. Every one agrees to that. But it was something more; and here we enter comparatively untrodden ground.

There is, as we think, a popular misconception on this subject, and Edmund Burke expresses his share in it in his magnificent and mournful cry, provoked by the indignities offered to Marie Antoinette, that the Age of Chivalry is gone. In the first place, without seeking to palliate the excesses of the French Revolution, which we abhor, we confess to but a stern compassion for the unfortunate French queen, and think that her incapacity for government, her haughty and inhuman pride of birth and station, and her cold and callous selfishness very naturally inflamed a people to hatred, whose starving cries only moved her to badinage. And in the second place, assenting to Burke's declaration that the Age of Chivalry has gone, and seeing clearly that the hateful practices of seven centuries of that Chivalry whose departure he lamented, legitimately provoked the tremendous protest of the French Revolution, the blood-roar, the fury, the misery and the murder of the Reign of Terror, we are very glad that it has gone, even with such a ghastly quittance, and hope it will never return to curse the earth again. For what Burke wailed over was Chivalry only in name, and rank Feudalism in nature. The Reign of Terror is an awful splotch of blood and mire on the history of France; it appears so to us because it is a condensation of atrocity; but it is far less awful than that diffused cruelty recorded in black and red over the seven previous centuries of French history, and only appearing less terrible because diffused, and because more distant from our own Age;—a cruelty which was not the act of the people, but of the people's masters. The Revolution was only the first *successful* insurrection—successful because an insurrection of the intellect as well as the passions; but there had been attempts before. Instance: the revolt of the Jacquerrie—the French peasants that sweep with fire and sword through the story of the twelfth century. Froissart relate in antique, gorgeous prose the valor of Gaston de Foix and the Captal de Buch, who with only sixty knights charged and routed with immense slaughter one hundred thousand of the Jacquerrie. Every one agrees that it was a feat of enormous courage, and that the knights were mighty men of war: yes, but what made the Jacquerrie rise?—and why if they were, as we assert they were, peeled, pillaged, outraged, heart broken men, goaded at last to a mad attempt at vengeance on their oppressors—why was not the Chivalry on their side? Was the Chivalry that first sprang to life, beautiful and armed, in the cause of the suffering and the poor—was it ever known in its brief, splendid day, to league with the tyrant, and crush with a mailed heel the heart of a people? Oh, no! Gaston de Foix, Captal de Buch, and the sixty—you come to us in the mellow glow of Froissart's pages, wearing the insignia of Chivalry—but—fine feathers don't make fine birds!

Yet such men as Gaston de Foix, Boemond, Tancred, Godfrey, Du Guesclin, Bayard, and the like, represent the popular notion of Chivalry. They were undoubtedly grand soldiers, men of great virtue, nobility, and beautified with many manly graces; but they all lack the essential and distinctive character which belongs peculiarly to the knights of the earliest period—the true Chivalry. They were aristocrats more than they need have been, while the first knights were democrats as far as they could be.

A confused mist hangs over the early history of Chivalry, through which we can see the bright forms but dimly. The evidence regarding it is mostly inferential, but not the less sure. A perfectly consistent theory can be nothing but a truth. Here are the facts which inductive reasoning reaches, and probability and historic evidence sustain

In the eighth century, the French Emperor Charlemagne, died, and the gigantic fabric of social order that he had established by the strong hand, which, however beneficent, is still the tyrant's hand, and maintained not only in France, but throughout Europe, fell to pieces, as all order established by force, must, when the strong hand is relaxed by death. A direful state of things succeeded his decease. The kings that followed were simpletons—Louis the Gentle, Charles the Bald, Second Louis, Third Louis, Carloman, Charles the Fat, all of them—and moreover, they were mere puppets in the hands of the powerful feudal lords, which were now the strong hands, and which set up a rule over the realm quite in accordance with their strength, and as vile and merciless as possible. Each of these rascals had large possessions—seignories—over which they were absolute kings. Sallying from their horrible strongholds, they robbed and ravished and murdered at pleasure. Front de Bœuf, in Scott's Ivanhoe, is a fair sample of the whole breed. They were a horde of low, savage, abominable robbers and murderers; and they gave France cause to know it. The peasants had no rights or safety; the poorer nobles were pillaged and oppressed on all sides; the clergy were insulted and despoiled, and driven into the cloister. A frank statement of the crimes these gentlemen were wont to commit, would not be fit to read. Of course, the people on all sides, of every degree, were correspondingly brutal, vicious, degraded and cruel. Bands of robbers traversed the roads in all directions, taking toll and life of all they met, weaker than themselves. No man's life, no woman's virtue, was safe anywhere. A peasant marriage is going on; enter the lord of the seignorie; the bridegroom is hung up to a tree; the shrieking bride dragged away to the castle, where innocence can be murdered at leisure. Foreign freebooters blackened the coasts with flame and steel. The earth was reddened with blood; the rivers dyed with it. And the rule of the strong hands went on from worse to worse.

Finally—perhaps as early as the ninth century—a shock was felt, and a new force was in the field. Chivalry sprang from the disorder and confusion, like a form emerging from a flash of lightning. A few poor nobles, realizing, doubtless from personal experience, the horror of the tyranny, but above all fired with manly compassion for the public wretchedness and suffering, leagued together and made their holy vow—the earliest vow of Chivalry. It was an impure time, as Abbon's poetic record of the vices and debaucheries of the epoch, to which he was an eye witness, testifies; it was a false time, and tyrannical and cowardly to boot. Therefore, the first knights bound themselves together with this oath, recorded by St. Palaye: "To speak the truth, to live purely, to succor the helpless and oppressed, and to never turn back on an enemy." And then they took the field, and practiced their wholesome knight-errantry. They righted all wrongs, crushed all abuses, and set up their noble and holy example of manly chastity and honor for popular imitation. Did a powerful lord commit some act of barbarous violence—they stormed his robber's hold, and slew him. It was a military age, and they used a military argument against sin which the most dunderheaded and brutal baronial boor understood readily. They flashed their brave steel in the cause of humankind.

Now it is quite evident that these noble men were, in a word, the Radical Reformers of their time; and, doubtlessly, had affairs been less desperate, they would have been treated as the Radical Reformers of other times have been treated—called "fanatics," "traitors," "seditious," "disorganizing," and promptly howled or hewed down. But it happened that circumstances were very strongly in favor of their enterprise. The people recognized them as their defenders; the clergy, issuing from the silence of the cloisters, blessed them and hallowed their valor and virtue with prayer; the throne saw them as the champions of government and society; every brave and generous heart in France rushed to their side; and, amidst a roar of popular enthusiasm their ranks swelled to a host, and the battle was won. The feudal tyrants were subdued. Pity that Feudalism, to which the spirit and action of Chivalry were hostile, was not also subdued. But the brave chevaliers were not wise enough to see that where law gives men opportunity to be base, bad men will always grasp the opportunity; and they relied too much on the faith that their virtue would be transmitted from age to age, always strong to keep the wicked in check. However, they were true to their light; they had won their victory—perhaps too easily, for a term of disaster and trial might have sharpened their sight as to the real source of the social evil; their mission done, their work accomplished, they sank into their graves, leaving the institution they had formed behind them.

There Chivalry ended! We say it in the face of seven hundred years' after-life of the chivalric order, all splendid with pageant, gorgeous knightly ceremonial, pomp of tournaments, troubadours, Crusades, Godfrey, Tancred, Bayard, Du Guesclin and all. Institutions are only great and good when first formed, while the enthusiasm of their founders lives to animate them, and with the death of the early knights of Chivalry, the noble and saintly spirit began to pass from the institution into other forms, or to linger and flash along the ages with the individual good and brave. No doubt it exhaled slowly from the chivalric order; no doubt it lived in many a lonely knight through after centuries; but it was a pale light, a solitary flame; and in no broad sense was it the animating spirit of the institution.

> "The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

Edmund Burke's lamentation should have dated with the deaths of the founders. After their decease Chivalry—the institution—grew and flourished; added new and gorgeous rites and ceremonies to its former simplicity; invented new fashions of mail and chivalric foppery; inspired Geoffry de Prinli to devise the gaudy folly of tournaments; got up troubadours and story-tellers to keep the knights in conceit with themselves, and overlaid its ancient noble austerity with sumptuous formality and ornament. Still it retained something of the old virtue, as rocks prolong the echoes of the voice after the voice itself is silent. But it was weaker and tamer, distorted, fantastic, and traditionary. The early vow of Chivalry grew more and more lip-service; and Chivalry itself, though long "the cheap defence of nations," was no more the defence of the suffering and the poor.

Yet, Chivalry being dead, its effects remained. As by the law of Nature every physical motion given to the air is continued eternally, so by the moral law every noble deed is immortal in its results. Chivalry gave an impulse to the world—it set a ball rolling which has never paused, but ever receives new accelerations. Subtle links of consequence bind events together, and all the civilization and the Christianity which swept and broadened down the centuries over Europe, and across the sea over America to our own age, and will sweep and broaden on to the end of time, was all because a few poor French knights, care and weather-stained, not comely to look upon in their cheap and battered armor, and with their sun and wind bronzed faces, were brave and true for truth and virtue, justice and humanity. We have not space to enumerate the direct results of their manly labors; but not the least among them is the elevation of woman.

In the foregoing statements our questions are answered. Chivalry was a military institution prompted by religious benevolence and the love of justice, whose chief features were championship of the Right, the practice of truth, natural fairness, purity of life, modesty, humility, and the unquailing defence of the helpless and the oppressed of every degree. Its prominent and peculiar characteristic was its organized philanthropy. This was the spirit of Chivalry.

The military age has passed, and the monetary age has succeeded. Still the ancient feud between Right and Wrong goes on, but the weapons are changed. Carnal warfare is now the exception, and not the rule. The sword of the chevalier rusts in the scabbard, but the spirit that drew the sword lives in the van of the great human battle, and flashes a mightier weapon. Whoever has in his heart the noble spirit of Chivalry, and strikes with the free voice, the free pen, the free press, for Truth and Justice and Humanity, or in the narrow circle of his private life, by precept and example, is loyal unto these; in him behold the man whose lineage dates back to the lofty Chevaliers of other days, and who keeps unstained the legend and the promise of the grand old name. Truth, purity, humility, piety, compassion, active and armed humanity, these are the component qualities of the chivalric character. Let no man arrogate to himself the epithet of "chivalrous," who cannot show in his own example the valor and the virtue of the knights of old.

THE NEWSPAPER.

The newspaper is the most important agent in promoting civilization known to modern times. The power it has exerted on popular opinion, by the information it has diffused through all classes of society, upon subjects of vital interest, political, commercial, statistical, literary and religious, is great beyond calculation. The newspaper, as its name imports, is a vehicle of news, of intelligence, of knowledge for the people. Men knew little formerly, of what was passing beyond the limits of their own immediate neighborhood; but, now, through the agency of the newspaper press, town and country, state and nation, and the most distant parts of the world are brought together, and whatever is new, rare and important, is conveyed with rapidity to *every* reader—is set forth in the most succinct manner, and in a style adapted to the comprehension of all. In a commercial aspect, the value of newspapers can scarcely be estimated at too high a rate. The information they afford of the state of the markets and of the wants of mankind, is indispensable, as the world is now constituted, and neither foreign nor domestic trade could be carried on advantageously, if at all, without their instrumentality. In a political point of view, they exert immense power, being the organs through which opinions are canvassed, the principles of government explained and upheld, measures of reform promulgated and discussed, the claims of rival candidates for office debated, and all other matters bearing upon the welfare of the community in its most important relations, investigated and set forth in a lucid, faithful and able manner. Literature, also, owes not a little to the newspaper; for although men of letters often employ books and reviews as organs better suited to their purpose, yet the discoveries of men of science are usually first promulgated to the world through the more popular vehicle of the newspaper, and the passing publications of the day receive a consideration proportioned to their merits. It is true, the editors of a daily or weekly newspaper cannot be expected to write sheets of criticism, but the very necessity of the case leads them to concentrate their ideas, and to embody much that is apt and pithy in a narrow compass.

The newspaper appeals to so many interests, and represents so many, that human affairs could not well be carried on without its agency. How dull and stupid a city or a village must be, where there is no newspaper! We can scarcely conceive, in our day, of any community being in so forlorn a condition—of none certainly that lays much claim to advancement. What would life be worth, in an enlightened age, and in a country full of plans and projects, reforms and changes, where all is bustle, movement and activity—where facts and information of prime importance must be speedily known, in order to be promptly acted on—without some such organ of intelligence, regularly published, on whose statements the people may rely with confidence? A well conducted newspaper ranks next in consideration—at least so the world thinks—to the *mens sana in corpore sano*, and is usually placed in the same category, for whenever the question is propounded, "How is your health?" the next question that invariably follows is, "What is the news!" and it may perhaps be doubted, whether most persons do not regard the news that is stirring—if any there be—of far greater importance than the health of any merely private individual.

The newspaper, in our commercial cities, is as important an article of food for the moral man, as bread is for the physical. Observe how it goes the rounds. It is first called for by the master of the family, and after its ample sheet is expanded and dried before the fire, he devours its contents with an eagerness that shows how deeply his whole soul is in it. It then passes into the hands of the good lady of the house, who is usually satisfied with a perusal of what appears in the poet's corner, with the interesting items that appear in the hymeneal or obituary departments, with the strictures, light and graceful, upon the last published novels, or with the laughable anecdotes with which its page is usually enlivened. The daughters next claim the privilege of glancing an eye over the paper, with a view to the *on dits* of the day or place, the latest fashions, the next concert or assembly, or, if among the patrons of the stage, the play or opera for the evening entertainment. Thus the important visitant passes from hand to hand, till every member of the family has satisfied his daily or weekly curiosity, down to the little children, who ask permission to look at the ships, the houses, or the pictures of wild animals that are for exhibition in the menagerie. After performing this accustomed circuit at home, some little urchin from a neighbor, who is too poor or too covetous to patronize the press, comes with the modest request of "a loan of the newspaper for a few moments, as Mrs. ——— wishes to know at what hour a certain furniture auction takes place to-day." He is scarcely gone, when a messenger from some other neighbor comes running at the top of his speed and all out of breath, with a "Pray, sir, father says, as how he will be much obliged to you for a sight of the paper, just to look at the ship news half a minute." And so it circulates, from one to another, till the numerous thumb-prints upon the margin bear evidence of an faithful service as grandmother Cloe's big Bible, which has been in the family for three generations;—a practice of borrowing and lending, which is apt to provoke some severe animadversions from the editor, when the time of paying his compositors and pressmen comes round, but which proves one thing, and that not a little flattering to his vanity—how very important newspapers are everywhere, and to everybody.

Newspapers are what the ancients used to call a *microcosm*, a little world in miniature; where, without going out of the house, or mingling with the mass of his fellow citizens, a man may look on quietly, and without interruption, and see whatever of interest is passing, or being transacted in the gay, bright and busy world around him—not only at home in his own neighborhood, but abroad in Europe—in England, Germany, France, and, in fact, throughout the whole world, wherever anything of striking and startling interest has occurred that requires to be known and recorded. The lover of the marvellous and horrible may have his taste gratified by an account of the last duel that took place, the latest murder or suicide that has occurred, with perhaps the dying confession of the felon, and a minute account of all that occurred at the execution.

Nor, to one who wishes to study human nature in all its varieties, is that department which is usually thought worthless by the newsmonger and the politician the least interesting, the advertisements;—published by men of *every* rank and calling—merchants, shopmen, lawyers, doctors, dentists, brokers, quacks, lecturers, clerks who write a good hand, gentlemen lately graduated who wish to obtain places as tutors, elderly ladies who wish to accommodate a few genteel lodgers with board—music masters, dancing-masters and school-masters offering to teach—showmen, magicians and circus-riders, the most celebrated professors of their respective arts, "ready to display their wonderful skill this evening for the entertainment of the good citizens of Philadelphia for the very moderate price of fifty cents;" portrait-painters, profile cutters and razor grinders; proprietors of industrious fleas and learned pigs, and magnificent panoramas of "the Israelites leaving Egypt," and of "Bonaparte and his army crossing the Alps." Here we may see what chiefly occupies every man's mind, the objects to which he wishes most earnestly to direct public attention for his own benefit or fame. In a word, here are the means of ascertaining, week by week, and day by day, how the pulse of the world beats. "I was much struck," says a lively English writer, "with an observation which a pious Baptist minister made some years ago to a friend of mine when on a visit to the north of Scotland. A newspaper having been brought into the room, he held out his hand to receive it, saying, 'Be kind enough to let me have it a few moments till I see how the Supreme Being is governing the world.'"

Every editor of a newspaper has his own notions of his duty and his responsibilities, and by looking at the top of the page, where the title of the paper in large dimensions stares the reader full in the face, we may form some conjecture of the private opinions which the editor entertains on this subject; and, in nearly all cases, may ascertain what sort of an idea he entertains of the dignity of his vocation. Thus we have "the Mercury," the messenger of the gods, because the editor, forsooth, is half inspired even when he treats only of mundane matters; "the Courier," so called, because it makes as much haste in communicating the news as the man does who runs for a wager; "the Express" and "the Telegraph," so denominated, because they are competitors with "the Courier" for the prize of speed; "the Post," emulative of the national mail in its consequence and its regularity; "the Patriot," a champion above the influence of party considerations, and aiming only at the good of the country; "the Intelligencer," a little more modest and unpretending in its title, but still claiming to be sensible, and confident that its readers have knowledge enough to take care of their own interests; "the Inquirer," which takes it for granted that the first step towards the attainment of the truth is to look keenly about one, and set on foot a prompt and earnest search for it; "the Standard," which, having ascertained principles, and settled the law and the constitution beyond the shadow of a doubt, sets itself up as a kind of universal regulator; "the Sentinel," so styled, because the people are in danger, and it is indispensable to keep a close and constant look-out against sudden assaults; "the Bee," which has sweets in store for its friends, and a sting for its enemies; "the Bulletin," charged with important dispatches, in which the public has a deep interest; "the Picayune," which goes upon the principle that pennies, added to pennies, make pounds, and that pounds, added to pounds, make fortunes, if they are only suffered to accumulate; "the Federalist," the advocate of a strong government; "the Democrat," enlisted on the side of "strict construction" and popular rights. Such are some of the titles of our newspapers, and he who would study character, and the spirit and genius of the times, may get glimpses of the truth by reflecting on their meaning, without reading a word of the great sheet spread out so temptingly before him.

There is, there can be no higher evidence of a nation's freedom, and of the sovereignty of the individual mind, than a press powerfully conducted, which is independent of governmental restrictions at home, and inaccessible to foreign influences from abroad. No people can be free whose press is not free; no country can be said to enjoy liberty where leading and influential men, who give tone to opinion and character to the masses, are not permitted to act freely and without restraint upon the popular mind. In this country such is emphatically the case. The press in the United States is constitutionally free. Our citizens, who conduct it, are born freemen, and live and die such; and its broad impress everywhere bears upon it the deep and indelible impress of the American mind.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

The recent coronation of the Czar, and the attendance thereat of the ministers of France and England, has been made the occasion of some sarcastic remarks on the results of the contest between Russia and the Allies. But the design of that war was not to annihilate Russia, or to interfere with her internal affairs; and therefore we cannot perceive any solid foundation for such criticisms. The war was not begun to enfranchise Europe, but to curb the rapacity of the war-party of Russia, headed by Nicholas. What was attempted was accomplished. Russia was brought to her senses, the peace party came into power with the new Czar, the schemes of rapacity were abandoned—and then, as a just and natural result, the war came to a close.

That the consequences of that war will prove unfavorable to the faith of Mahomet is true—but this is a good result, growing out of the fair and generous conduct of the Christian allies, and the inherent superiority of their religion and institutions. Thus the very end which some of the professed friends of Christianity alleged was to be gained by the successful rapacity of Russia, will be far more effectually secured by the magnanimity of the Allies. Mahometanism will be sapped and finally overthrown as a result of its comparison, on its own ground, with the life and vigor of the Christian defenders of Turkey. And this will be a true victory of the Cross—a triumph of peace and justice and humanity. Thus, in interposing the Cross to shield the Crescent from wanton outrage, the Allies have made the Cross the symbol of justice and magnanimity—and, if the Turks can be converted at all, have taken the most effective means to accomplish so beneficial an end.

The results of the Eastern war are thus manifested to be of the most signal importance. That noble defence of Turkey, promises alike to regenerate both the Russian and the Mahometan. Russia, wakened from her paralyzing dream of foreign conquest, turns her eyes to a much more glorious conquest, that over her own ruggedness and barbarism; while the ideal of Turkey is rapidly becoming that Christian civilization which she formerly despised. Thus the great contest recently concluded may fairly take its place in history as a highly successful war.

MARRIAGE.

In Mr. Lewis's novel of the "Three Sisters," there is a conversation upon the indissolubility of the Marriage tie, of which the following is an extract:—

"That the law of marriage," answered Cecil, "transmutes a desire it is to a crime is very true. But *the law of property is open to the same objection.* A man covets your money or your plate; the law of property forces him either to break into your house, perhaps to murder you, or to restrain his desires. But because men are hanged for murder, no one really wishes to abolish the law of property; because men are transported and imprisoned for frauds and felonies, it is no argument against a law of property."

"That I admit."

"Then, surely, you must admit, that although the law of marriage may punish those who infringe its precepts, it is not therefore to be abolished."

"No; but there is this difference: the principles of justice and moral education may control the desire of despoiling or defrauding another of his property, but human passion owns no such stern control. Love is beyond volition. The husband can not will to love his wife, the wife can not will *not* to love another. Reason is powerless against the passion, because the woman loves before she is aware of it. She does not see the danger till she is enveloped in its Marriage is indissoluble, but passion is capricious. It is foolish, impious, for a human being to swear that he will love another eternally. Passion, in its intensity, always believes in its eternity. But who can answer for the continuance of love? Who can say, 'I will not change?' Because we foresee no change, are we to shut our eyes to the experience of ages; to our own experience, even, which tells too plainly of the mutability of passion? Yet marriage is indissoluble!"

"And rightly so," said Cecil, "for this one reason—*whatever is inevitable soon ceases to be a hardship*; the very power which human beings have of adapting themselves to almost any condition, makes them accept their fate with tranquillity, provided that fate be certain and unequivocal. Passion is, as you say, mutable, capricious. But, in the generality of cases, the mere consciousness of the indissolubility of the marriage tie acts as a check upon the roving fancy."

Ilester shook her head.

"This much I will grant," continued Cecil, "that as a matter of sentiment, as a mere question of *love*, I think you are in the main correct; but as a matter of practical civilization, as a civil institution which regards the whole frame work of society, I think you—pardon me—altogether wrong."

While much of the above is very justly said, we do not admit the admission made in the last paragraph, that "as a matter of sentiment, a mere question of *love*," the advocates of what has been improperly termed "*Free Love*" are correct. In fact, we are inclined to think that in making such an admission, "Cecil" really abandons his whole argument. For if "love" cannot reasonably be expected to last until death do the parties separate, neither can it rightfully be required to do so. And if it be neither in conformity with reason nor right that the married couple should love on to the close of their existence, it would be difficult to prove that the bond of marriage, which is but a mere outward symbol and statement of that love, should outlive what has made it vital and sacred.

No—it appears to us, that the best reason for the indissolubility of the marriage tie, is simply the fact that it is both reasonable and right that the sentiment upon which it is founded should endure to the close of this mortal life—of the hereafter, it is not necessary now to speak. If it were not both reasonable and right to expect such constancy, the promise to love until death could never have become incorporated with the marriage service of Christian nations. For the common heart and mind would have instinctively rejected a pledge not founded on right and reason.

But the experience of every generation is an additional testimony to the truth of the endurance of this sentiment of love. Of course there are numerous exceptions to this as to every other rule—and one unhappy exception makes more noise in the world than a hundred instances of contented constancy. Does any one doubt that if a law were passed by accident, dissolving every matrimonial alliance in the United States to-morrow, that the next day ninety-nine couples out of the hundred—without regard to the length of time they had been married—would be all engaged in getting married over again?

We take it for granted that every man who has reached that elevation of mind and character which justly entitles him to be called a Christian, feels in his inmost soul that it is both reasonable and right that he should love and wed only one woman, and love her with constancy to the end of his or her life. Such a man may be fallible as other men, but this will not alter his knowledge of what is right. He knows that he has the power, and can have the will—except in cases where his wife is sadly derelict from her duty—to fulfill his marriage vow of love and faithfulness. That so to love and cherish is his "reasonable service." And that if he allows his fancy to stray in other directions, he is abandoning the path of safety and of duty. We say we take it for granted that every Christian man knows this, however much he may fail in acting up to his knowledge. And upon this inward consciousness of the reasonableness and rightfulness of constancy in Love, does the indissolubility of the marriage tie depend. This we hold to be the great spiritual Truth upon which the Institution of Marriage, as it exists in Christian nations, is based. Once admit that Constancy in Love is not reasonably and fairly to be expected, and we fear that a serious blow is struck at the institution of Marriage, as it prevails among us.

Of course, there are other reasons, as "Cecil" observes, relating to the interests of "practical civilization," why marriage should be, as a general thing, indissoluble. But these reasons, though very strong in some respects, are merely collateral. For instance, the interests of young children would be sadly affected by what is called "Free Love." It is right that the parents should give a pledge to society that they will mutually labor, in all love and unity, to rear in good habits the rising generation. But this pledge, though due we grant to society, is in an infinitely higher degree due to the Great Giver of this infant life. He it is who demands that the married couple should remain together—and that they should continue to love one another, in order that these tender souls should be nourished and invigorated by an atmosphere of love and gentleness and purity around them. And what He demands of the parents He has given them the ability to fulfil.

SENATOR SUMNER'S HEALTH.—Dr. Casper Wister, a distinguished physician of this city, holding opposite political views to Mr. Sumner, in reply to a letter from the Hon. Henry Wilson, says that Mr. Sumner has been under his professional care since the 9th of July. He further says:—

"I have insisted upon his seclusion, much in opposition to his own earnest desires, and the repeated calls of some of his political friends, convinced that his early recovery depended upon his entire abstraction from all excitement. * * * *

"Mr. Sumner has returned from Cresson improved, though still an invalid, and is now under my constant care. His restoration to health at an early day depends entirely upon his complete abstraction, except within prescribed limits, from mental or physical exertion."

SOMEWHAT FRIGHTENED.—According to the *Charlotte (N. C.) Whig* a commercial house in this city recently refused to fill an order for a firm in that town, with whom they had been trading, as the head of the Philadelphia firm had "*concluded that it was not desirable to receive any Southern paper, owing to the political difficulties between the North and the South, but would sell for cash.*" We think the Philadelphia firm alluded to, must have the organ of *Cautiousness* very largely developed. Why, honorable men, in the North or in the South would pay their debts whether the Union was dissolved or not.

NEW PAPER.—We have received the first number of a new weekly paper, published by Messrs. Sanders & Co., Philadelphia, and devoted to the interests of business men, literature, etc. It is called the "Merchant's Standard," and bids fair to be a valuable journal.

THE SOBER, SECOND THOUGHT.—A Virginia gentleman writes to us as follows:

"To tell the truth, *I was persuaded* not to take the Post, but then a man always wants the worth of his money, and it is a hard matter to get it out of a paper this side of Philadelphia; and as the Saturday Evening Post is the first paper that I ever subscribed to in my life, and *the only one worth the subscription price*, I must try and get hold of it again, so you will please send me a sample copy, and I will try and get up a club, but if I fail in that, I must take a single copy."

☞ In New York last week there was only one death reported from yellow fever—and the Brooklyn Board of Health report no deaths from that cause. There is still considerable sickness at quarantine.

New Publications.

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND. A MATTER-OF-FACT ROMANCE. By CHARLES READE. Author of "Christie Johnstone," "Peg Woffington," &c. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

There are multitudes of young persons in this country that burn to see themselves in print, and pester publishers, and practice composition, with a view to the prizes in the lottery of literature. We advise them all to double their chances of success by procuring this romance, and learning from it how a great deal may be said in a very few words, and said boldly, brilliantly and well. One of the most noticeable features in this good book with a bad name, and indeed in all of Mr. Reade's works, is the wonderful conciseness—the condensation of the statement. There is not a superfluous word. Incidents which some authors would hardly relate in a chapter, Mr. Reade narrates in a paragraph. The sentences are compact with meaning, and pointed as epigrams. All is strength and sparkle. To be sure, this admirable characteristic occasionally runs to excess. In the desire to attain concision, Mr. Reade sometimes becomes brusque and abrupt. But this not often.

There are other blemishes, as we think them, in the style of this writer. His nature, exuberant with fun, leads him to the commission of some little extravagancies, such as the employing of a Latin or French phrase in some odd connection, or the printing of some significant term or half dozen words in staring capitals or pigmy type. All this is done for a joke's sake, but it offends the finer taste. Another fault is a prolonged laconicism of expression, which lends the style a certain jerkiness, and, so to speak, makes the reader's mind twitch and tingle with a sort of vexed and yet amused impatience. Mr. Reade will outlive this, (as he will his other literary frailties,) and, indeed, it is far less evident in the present work than in his other books—"Christie Johnstone," for instance. Reading that book we remember how these peculiarities annoyed us, and yet the interest of the story was irresistible as the draught of the Maelstrom—we could not pause—it was "pish" and "pshaw" and laughter and tears and passionate emotion all at once and together—and still we were inexorably borne on with the rapid and nervous movement of the narrative to the sweet and simple end. We defy any man to peruse the pages in which Christie rescues Gatty from drowning, without realizing fully the entire scene—the diorama of the broad, rushing sea—the sinking, struggling man—the eager spring of the rescuing boat—the stream of the blowing wind in its straining sails—the wild hurrahs from the shore, as the desperate feat is accomplished—realizing it all with a tumultuous fever of excitement, and the sense of a triumphant shout in the mind.—We yield to the fictive incident the same feeling we yield to the actual heroism of Grace Darling. This proves the author's power.

But "Christie Johnstone," admirable story as it is, is dwarfed to insignificance by "It's Never Too Late to Mend." It is decidedly the best romance of the year, and promotes its author at once to a place in the very front of the literary van. It comes to us in two volumes—the first of which exposes, with dramatic and masterly skill, and immense Dantesque vigor, the abominations of the English prison system. To quote a single page of this seems impossible. It is the unbroken, connected exciting first act of a tremendous human drama, with life or death hanging on the issue, following which we hold our breath with uneasy dread of a fatal result, till the rushing tide of incident turns, and sweeps and pours onward with resistless current to the triumphant calm of the close, while the very soul in us exults and huzzas. A nobler, more sterling humanity than animates this inexorable exposure of a vile and senseless system, never lit an author's page. And, as an Irishman would say, the beauty of it all is, that the appeal is not made to the imagination or the emotions, as in Dickens's works, but to the simple understanding. Thus, it speaks to the universal popular comprehension, and no man, however unpoetical or difficult of conviction, can evade the force of the argument, dramatically implied.—The work is at once an efficacious tract and a superb romance. It instructs while it pleases. We read it almost as we read Robinson Crusoe, with nearly the same trustful consciousness of the actual verity of the narrative.

As we touch this point, it occurs to us to say something of a curious mistake or silly prejudice which needs correction or protest. We refer to the opinion many people have that a work of fiction does not differ from a moral falsehood. The opinion is simply absurd. Is a parable necessarily a lie? Not at all. It is only untruthful and worthy of condemnation, when it illustrates a distorted or false supposition of facts. When an author, for instance, dramatically represents the workings of an institution like this English prison system by supposing a certain group of characters acting in it, or acted upon by it, depicting their aspect, language, traits and so on, and imagining a series of situations, events, or incidents with which they are connected, and when he has facts and statistics in abundance to verify his imaginings, he has decidedly brought home a serious truth to our comprehension, and made no breach in the morsel law in doing it. Is a portrait unlike because formed with paint on canvas, and not with flesh and blood on bones? The author's fiction has a relation to the actual truth, similar to the relation your portrait has to you. Falsehood and fiction are two separate and distinct things. An accurate novel is essentially a truth. Eminent Christian scholars now agree that the Book of Job is not a mere record of facts, but an Idumean poem, conveying a beautiful and wholesome lesson; but because it is simply an instructive parable, are we to set it aside as a moral lie? Certainly not. The same rule applies to all works of good and noble purpose, similar in kind.

The second volume of Mr. Reade's book is devoted to stirring scenes of adventure in Australia at the period of the discovery of gold in that country. It has all the power and graphic interest of the first. We have already in a former number of the "Post," given our readers a specimen of this portion of the work.

The power of characterization which the book displays is remarkable. Crawley and Black Will are two diverse but equally fine portraits of the genus rascal. Susan Merton is a beautiful creation. The Rev. Mr. Eden is drawn with masterly breadth and beauty of coloring. Robinson is done with rare dramatic and metaphysical power. Old Isaac Levi, the Jew, is painted with Oriental vigor and splendor. Hawes and the jailors are very fine, as are all the characters. We cordially commend admirable tale to our readers, and prophesy for author a golden success, the praise of all good and an enduring niche in literature.

THE HISTORY OF THE RENOWNED BARTOLOMEW PEALE A Member of the Philadelphia Bar. Published sale by Wallt & Yost, Phila.

A queer little attempt at a satire on the slave question, without any kind of point whatever.

Bothwell. A Poem. By W. Edmondstoune Aytoun, author of "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," "Bon Gaultier's Ballads," &c. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

The best passages of this poem we have already given to our readers. They are characterized by a stormy energy and ghastly passion of narration, which are not sustained throughout the production. Occasionally, there are stanzas replete with sad and tender beauty, but, as a whole, the work falls short of its conception, and is heavy and wearisome. Its main defect is in its form. It is a monologue. The entire story is told in soliloquy, and one cannot but be impressed with the unlikelihood of Bothwell's career being circumstantially raved out by himself to his prison walls. Professor Aytoun has missed it, as the saying is, in not making the poem a narrative like "Marmion," or "The Lady of the Lake." But if wilfully bent on having Bothwell tell his own tale, some expedient should have been devised to give the narration plausibility, such as the introduction of a confidant—a confessor, for instance—than which nothing would have been easier. As it is, the poem, though far above mediocrity, is inferior to the author's stirring and noble "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers."

The Battle Ballads. Little & Brown, Boston. For sale by Parry & McMillan, Phila.

Six volumes more of Messrs. Little & Brown's admirable edition of the British Essayists, of which we have heretofore spoken in large and liberal terms of praise. These volumes comprise the famous Essays published under the caption of "The Adventurer," written by Dr. Hawkesworth, Dr. Bathurst, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Warton, and Mr. Colman; and those published under the title of "The World," written by Edward Moore, Lord Chesterfield, Mr. Cambridge, Horace Walpole, Soame Jenyns, and other wits of that time. It is unnecessary to say anything in praise of papers which have become classic in literature. They may still be read with the same delight which welcomed their appearance a century ago.

> "Age cannot stale, nor custom wither
> Their infinite variety."

Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El-Medinah and Meccah. By Richard F. Burton. G. P. Putnam, New York. For sale by J. W. Moore, Philadelphia.

A splendid book of travels, worthy to take place with "Eothen," Warburton's "Crescent and the Cross," and Bayard Taylor's recorded wanderings. Bayard Taylor, by the way, furnishes it with an introduction. The author, Lieut. Burton, is an officer in the Bombay Army. It is a reprint of a work long popular in England, and long needed in this country. Lieut. Burton is the fifth Christian person that has succeeded in penetrating the Moslem Holy of Holies. Disguised as a pilgrim, he visited Mecca, and saw all that only the Faithful are permitted to see. In this book all the rites and ceremonies of the Turkish creed are described minutely, and with great graphic power. It is a racy record, with much local color, and very interesting.

Dairy's Necklace: and What Came of It. By T. B. Aldrich. Derby & Jackson, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

Dairy's Necklace is a story which prompts us to the shaking of the head. There are beautiful things in it, but they appear in a general air of affectation, and the author's continual consciousness of his audience. Mr. Aldrich is, we suppose, a young man, which accounts for his fantasticalities and daffodowndilly prettinesses, and excuses them. He is capable of better things than this book, and will yet, we trust, produce them.

Life of George Washington. By Washington Irving. G. P. Putnam & Co., New York. For sale by J. W. Moore, Philadelphia.

Here we have the third volume of Mr. Putnam's cheap edition of Irving's great work. We have spoken before at length of the excellence of this edition, and again commend it to the attention of our readers. It is at once beautiful and serviceable. The present volume has a fine steel engraving of Israel Putnam, from Trumbull's picture.

The Young American's Life of Fremont. By Francis C. Woodworth Miller, Orton & Mulligan, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Mr. Woodworth is already favorably known as a writer for youth. The present work tells simply and vigorously the incidents of Col. Fremont's adventurous career, and is well conceived and executed.

HOW IS IT?

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor:—In the Post of August the 9th, there appeared a communication over the signature of Jas. H. Campbell, of Toledo, Ohio. Now as Mr. Campbell's communication is somewhat puzzling to my mind, as no doubt it is to many others, I will take the liberty of putting forth a few interrogatories relative to said communication.

He says if emigrants are willing "to live a little less comfortable to make money faster, they should come to this vicinity—land is as cheap here as farther west, and equal in fertility—plank-roads are here in all directions—churches, school-houses, railroad depots and canals are everywhere."

Why is it that land surrounded with such advantages, is as cheap as it is farther west, where such advantages are less numerous? I hesitate not in saying that there is no section in Iowa, that I know of, convenient to churches, school-houses, and common roads, where land can be had for three dollars per acre. And if we had the same advantages of transportation that Mr. Campbell speaks of, raw prairie could not be had for treble that amount. What is the cause? Let us have light upon the subject.

I see no reason why men should go to California with the expectation of making a "pile" in a short space of time, when, according to Mr. Campbell's statements, there is an opportunity offered nearer home. However, a person's health may not be endangered as much by going to the former place as to the latter. I only make this remark as a probability.

Further—Mr. Campbell says pasture cost nothing, as stock have miles of range for pasture; if this be the case, where do the people live that support the churches and school-houses, that are "everywhere." He also says, "getting rich at farming depends more upon the individual than upon the location." Yes—but I assure you a *healthy* location does much.

The reason why Iowa is settling up so rapidly, is the healthy climate, rich soil, and certain prospect of its soon being one amongst the finest and wealthiest States in the Union, according to its area of territory. I will close by requesting Mr. Campbell, or some one else, to answer the foregoing questions.

Respectfully yours, I. S. FLORY.

South English, Iowa.

☞ "How very late you are, Maria—I have been waiting full three-quarters of an hour." "I was sadly detained, dearest, or I should have been as prompt as yourself." "Ho, ho! who gave you that beautiful bouquet? Ah, I see how it is! Maria, you have betrayed my love!" "Villain! to accuse me thus! when I come to you with a heart filled with tenderness!" "Oh, yes, too full, perhaps—it may have *spilled over* on the way!"

☞ Dr. Johnson observes that little debts are like small shot—they are rattling on every side, and can scarcely be escaped without a wound.—Great debts are like a cannon, of loud noise, and little danger. Ninety-nine out of a hundred will acknowledge the truth of the Doctor's observation.

☞ A fascinating sight it is to see a young lady walking as though a flea were biting her on each hip. She is almost a match for the dandy who steps like an open winged turkey travelling over a bed of hot ashes.

Life in Paris.

PARIS IN SUMMER—LAND-HOLDING ON A SMALL SCALE—RUSTIC HONESTY—COUNTRY HOUSES—BRICK AND STONE—THE QUARRIES OF THE SEINE.

PARIS, Sep. 11, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

While the Parisians, or those of them whose occupations admit of their leaving the city, are luxuriating in country air, peaches, and the just ripening grapes, shoals of visitors, principally English, are filling the places left vacant by the rusticating population of the metropolis. Happily, the fine public edifices, the sunshine, and the hardly-definable, but all-pervading liveliness that render this city so attractive a place of resort to strangers, are more stationary than its richer inhabitants, and the visitors who fill the streets and empty the shops seem little troubled by the absence of the fashionable world. Very many English families come over here specially to pass the summer in the pleasant villages that stud the rising ground which forms the basin in which the white expanse of Paris lies, glistening in the sun. Probably no city in the world can boast of more beautiful environs than Paris; but hitherto many of the most charming sites for villas and cottages have been allowed to remain vacant. Within a year or two, however, this apathy seems to be passing; and the building mania which has raged so violently in the metropolis, has begun to attack the unoccupied country around.

The aspect of the country round Paris, affords a most curious contrast to the appearance of the rural portion of England. The ground is everywhere marked off by measurement into small patches, belonging to the peasantry and farmers, but without hedges, ditches, or fences. Patches of grain, potatoes, vegetables, clover, lucerne, strawberries, raspberries, currants and vines succeed one another from one side of the horizon to the other, with no other boundaries than those observed in the planting of the various beds. You may wander almost from one end of France to the other through these various patches, which are traversed by innumerable paths, just wide enough to admit of the passage of the peasants who own the bits of land. Clumps of fruit trees diversify these patches, or border the narrow paths which wind between them. Every here and there passes the broad white sandy line of the communal road, with its double row of planes or poplars; and the flying clouds of silvery vapor reveal the passing of the distant railway-train.

Disputes about the limits of the different patches are exceedingly frequent among their owners; as must necessarily be the case where the bits of ground are often not more than eight or ten feet square (I have seen a "wheat-field" of three feet by two and a-half stuck in between vineyards and carrot-beds, belonging to other owners), and where the boundaries are only decided by actual measurement. An inch or two cribbed out of a neighbor's bed suffices to set a whole region in commotion; and it is sometimes no easy matter to decide which of the rival claimants has the best right to a disputed speck of ground on which it would be difficult for them to plant their feet.

There is in existence a body of rural guards, who are supposed to be constantly on the watch to prevent or punish any theft of fruit or vegetables committed by those who pass through these open gardens. But they do not prevent an occasional inroad upon the vegetable treasures placed under their guardianship, though robberies of this kind are very rare. The ripe fruit hangs in tempting bunches, for the most part, in perfect security. Patches by the roadside even, where a passer-by need only watch his opportunity to gather, to the fullest extent of his appetite or pockets, are left altogether untouched. In England or in America, fruit so exposed would inevitably be stolen long before ripe. It is probably an affair of habit. Being accustomed from their infancy to walk through these open plantations, and the fact of their unprotectedness being thus no novelty to them, the country population seems to be no more tempted to enter the open spaces around them, than their brethren of England or America to climb over walls or fences for the purpose of robbing. A certain amount of theft undoubtedly occurs; but to an extent far less considerable than is perpetrated among either branch of the Anglo-Saxons, in spite of their careful precautions.

Gardens belonging to private houses are walled round as carefully here as elsewhere, and protected by dogs and watchmen. But, strange to say, the proportion of theft is much greater from these enclosures than from the open fields of the country.

Nothing can be imagined more delicious than the air of the environs of Paris during the strawberry and raspberry season. Some of the strawberry fields cover many acres, and their fragrance is perfectly delightful.

The vineyards, which are monotonous in appearance, are even more fragrant during the brief blossoming of the vines, which give out a mass of delicate perfume something resembling that of mignonette. While the vines are in flower, and again when the short stumpy plants are hung with the rich bloomy branches, purple and velvety, or white and transparent, half hid under the broad, browning leaves, no one can say that the vineyards are not beautiful.

A French landscape is usually very gay. The roads are white, the houses are white, the peasants go about in light-colored *blouses*, and the bright sunshine makes everything glisten in the cheerfullest manner.

Most of the country houses about Paris are neither pretty nor lovelong; they are built much as the houses in town, but with less attempt at ornament, and far less carefully kept. Paved courts, or deserted-looking, slovenly attempts at garden are all they boast in the way of surrounding; and both the dwellings, and the country in general, lack that careful finish, and all-refining neatness, that constitute so great a charm in English country houses and scenery. Flowers, however, abound everywhere, for the climate is admirably adapted to floriculture, and the love of flowers is here a national passion.

Here and there, but rarely, are sumptuous villas, and elegant *maisonnettes*, standing in lovely grounds, with groves, flower-beds, rustic seats, ponds, and more rarely still, fine green turf, shorn and rolled in English fashion. But, in general, the dryness of the climate greatly impairs the quality and color of the grass. The rich plains of Normandy, alone of all the departments of France, present any approximation to the beautiful verdure of English meadows.

In and about Paris you scarcely see a building of brick. The public edifices of the metropolis, and the fronts of the handsomest houses, are built of the fine cream-colored sandstone of the region; in the country the houses are usually built of an inferior stone got out of the surface of the ground, of all shapes and sizes, held together with mortar, and faced with plaster, which is generally left of the natural pale creamy hue, peculiar to the plaster of this region, but is so netimes painted pink, blue, green, or yellow, according to the whim of the owner, and not unfrequently, since the setting in of the *entente cordiale* between the two shores of the channel, painted in imitation of the bricks so common in England, while in that country, the bricks so generally employed on account of the scarcity of stone, are often painted to imitate the latter.

The fine white sandstone which constitutes so marked a characteristic in the physiognomy of Paris, is extracted from innumerable quarries, occupying nearly the whole of the beds in whose centre the gay metropolis is built. Most of these quarries are worked underground; and the country round the city, especially to the South and West, is studded over with thousands of huge wooden wheels, looking very like gigantic spider-webs, that serve to raise the vast quantities of freestone which forms the principal building material of Paris.

For this purpose shafts are sunk, varying in depth from twenty to two hundred feet; the sides of the shafts being built up with stones and mortar, and furnished with a ladder for the use of the quarrymen. At the top of the shaft is placed the apparatus for raising, and which consists of a small iron axle, some two inches in diameter, passing through a solid wooden drum, about two feet square at one end, upon which the large wheel is fastened, and rounded at the other end, which is about two feet in diameter, upon which works a rope for raising the stone. The large wheel is furnished with a double wooden ring, between which is a row of transversal slats; the edge of the wheel thus forms a sort of circular ladder, and the wheel itself is set in motion by a number of men and boys, greater or less according to the weight of the block to be raised, who place themselves upon the slats, and work the wheel like so many squirrels in a turn-cage, or rogues in a tread-mill. Blocks of twenty tons are often raised in this ingenious but somewhat primitive manner.

These quarries extend for many hundred yards in every direction from the base of the shaft; and the galleries extending from point to point, and communicating with one another, the greater part of the ground under Paris, and of the region around it for many miles on each side, may be regarded as one vast honey-comb.

The blocks of stone disengaged by the pick-axes of the laborers are placed upon wooden rollers, and rolled by the men to the base of the shaft. Here they are fastened to ropes connected with the great wheel described above, and are wound up by the men and boys.

This mode of raising has the advantage of being exceedingly cheap, and is thus well adapted to the industrial possibilities of the locality.

Unfortunately, accidents are of frequent occurrence in these workings. The men who roll the blocks of stone from the various points of the quarry to the base of the shaft, often get caught between the stone and the roller, and lose an arm, a foot, or a leg, in this manner.

Even in the open quarries accidents are of frequent occurrence; and the extraction of a mass of stone of unusual size is often followed by a caving in of the ground adjoining, the workmen thus suddenly buried under the falling mass being stifled before they can be dug out.

But as these accidents, both in the open and the underground quarries, might very easily be prevented *by proper precautionary measures, it is probable* that the Government, which has been threatening to prohibit the existing methods, but without having been able to suggest any better, will limit its action to the introduction of these precautions.

QUANTUM.

THE FREEMAN.

With his hand upon his charter,
And his foot upon the sod,
He will stand—or die a martyr
For his children and his God!

☞ MISANTHROPE.—An eccentric individual, standing upon a bridge, and gazing at a youth angling below, gives vent to his feelings in the following inquiry: "Adolescence, what art thou doing? Art thou endeavoring to entice the finny tribe to engulph into their denticulated mouths a barbed hook, upon whose point thou hast fixed a dainty allurement?"—"No, sir," said the boy, "I'm fishing."

☞ In a recent Madrid pictorial sheet, the "Aggresion de Mr. Preston Brooks, de la Carolina Meridonial, contra el Senador Mr. Sumner, de Massachusetts, en el Salon de Sesiones del Senado de los Estados-Unidos del Norte America," figures as an embellishment.

☞ A very bright boy had received the gift of a bow and arrow. He was perfectly delighted, and standing on the broad door-step, was searching for some proper object on which to try his skill as a marksman. At length he exclaimed: "Now, I wish Satan would heave in sight, for then I'd shoot him dead, and he would never do any more harm." This was a large patriotism.

☞ A clergyman in Salem, Ohio, in a discourse on "Christian Charity," told his hearers that on occasions when they were called upon to aid in benevolent enterprises, many of them were "trying to hide their souls behind a three-cent piece!"

☞ There is a chap out West so mean that he boils two bone buttons in a pint of water. This gruel lasts him exactly one month. He has used the buttons so long that he has boiled all the holes out of them. He keeps warm in the winter time by standing under his next-door neighbor's gas lamp.

☞ The Toledo Commercial has a friend whose acquaintances call him Solomon, partly because Solomon was a very good man, and partly because his name was Solomon. "Yer see," said the gallant Solomon, "I was out in the woods one day, and I stepped on something that rattled. I looked down, and saw my foot was on a tremendous big rattlesnake. And," said Mr. Solomon, in a bold voice, "*if yer ever see a scared critter, 'twas that 'ere rattlesnake!*

☞ An Italian gentleman, who recently made the tour of the United States, said, on his return, that he would not live here to be owner of them, adding—"What an unhappy people, if their faces express their feelings! I never saw a man on the street that didn't seem uneasy, and walk as if driven; nor scarcely a woman in the house without a careworn and fidgety air."

☞ A gossip, who had lost her husband, was expatiating on his many virtues to a brandy-faced band of comforters, whose sympathies she was awakening with gin tea. "The greatest consolation I have," said the disconsolate rib, "is that he was sensible to the very last." On being asked what evidence of that he had given? "Oh, ay, he was that," answered she, "for just before he died, I was blaming him for going me sash, an' the like, and he got up on his elbow, and said I was an ill-tempered jade!"

☞ D——— and his wife lived together very inharmoniously, and their quarrels often formed the subject of conversation in certain circles. The other evening, at Madame de C———'s, this topic being up—"By-the-bye," said the mistress of the house, "you may not know that Madame D——— came near losing her life last week. She was in a boat with her husband at Asnieres, where they have a country house; leaning too far over the side, she lost her balance, and fell into the water. On the impulse of the moment, and without reflecting, the husband jumped in and saved his wife." "Is it possible!" "Quite true," answered Madame de C———; "the poor man completely lost all his presence of mind!"

THE OLD CHINA MANIA.—The entertaining Florence correspondent of the Newark Advertiser furnishes the following facts respecting the latest fashionable folly of the day:—

Old crockery is bringing fabulous prices, an antiquarian whim having transmuted the commonest clay into a precious metal. I have just seen, for example, an old-fashioned earthenware dinner plate, which a tidy American cook would sooner send out of the kitchen window than into the dining room, for which the holder recently paid ninety dollars, and has since refused the offer of six hundred dollars for it, being confident of realizing a *thousand* during the coming season! The same dealer has, by diligent search among the old families and communes of the country, brought together a notable collection of the obsolete pottery, vases, jars, epergnes, basins, bottles, &c., which will doubtless bewitch a multitude of competing antiquaries, though the least valuable specimen—the ragged fragment of a clumsy meat dish—cost him over fifty dollars, and is valued at two hundred and fifty dollars. The old passion for painted Etruscan vases is quite absorbed by these more rare moresque illustrations of the age of Angelo and Raphael. We have had nothing, in truth, since the memorable Dutch tulip mania, more whimsical than this rage for

> "Cabinets of curious porcelain, where
> No fancy enters but what's rich and rare."

NEWS FROM EUROPE.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE AT RUPTURE WITH NAPLES—NEWS FROM THE ARCTIC REGIONS—SUPPOSED TRACES OF THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION—ALLEGED CONSPIRACY TO ASSASSINATE LOUIS NAPOLEON.

The North American arrived on the 6th instant, at Quebec, with dates to the 23rd ult.

The London papers are filled with descriptions of the coronation ceremonies at Moscow.

The question of the exportation of specie is much debated in the papers.

The weather has been favorable for the crops.

The Estates of Holland commenced their sessions on the 15th ult.

A Free Trade Congress has commenced its deliberations at Brussels. The business so far has been merely of a preliminary character. The International Philanthropic Congress closed its sessions at Brussels on the 20th ult.

Both Chambers of the Swiss Federal Assembly have pledged themselves to resent all encroachments on the rights of the Republic.

The decrease of bullion in the Bank of England is upwards of £36,000.

The London Post, of Saturday, speaks of a Diplomatic rupture with Naples as inevitable, and says that the whole Diplomatic corps will be recalled from the Neapolitan Court. "We shall send," says the Post, "as well as the French, two line of battle ships, with a corresponding force of frigates. Through these alone will the Allies communicate with the King of Naples." Since confirmed.

Rumors of extensive forgeries of Crystal Palace stock had caused a heavy decline. The party implicated had fled.

Captain Penny, Commander of the ship Lady Franklin, has returned with her to Aberdeen, from the Arctic Regions, and reports that when he was in Hogarth's Sound, he was told by the Esquimaux that some of their companions had seen, a long way off in a northwesterly direction, a circular white tent erected on the ice. The Esquimaux had taken from it on their first visit some bright metal, and on their second visit, some more. Afterwards they had seen two white men in the tent.

It was reported among the natives that these and other white men had perished from hunger. So far as Captain Penny can judge, he thinks that this may refer to the same party from whom Dr. Rae obtained the silver spoons, &c., which identified the white men with Sir John Franklin and his party.

The chief subject of interest in the Paris papers is the arrest of numerous members of the Societe Marianne, on charge of an intention to assassinate the Emperor on his return from Biarritz.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times, in a letter dated the 17th ult., says of this matter:—"There was an unusual stir last night at the Prefecture of Police, and the prison of Mazas, owing to the arrest of about 30 persons belonging to a secret society."

"This society, composed of revolutionists of the most violent and dangerous kind, held a meeting yesterday, at which it is said that it was decided to assassinate the Emperor on his return from Biarritz. I understand that the police know all the members of this society, all of whom are old members of the Marianne, inhabiting the ninth, seventh and eighth arrondissements of Paris. The majority of them are artisans."

The new Spanish Constitution is published. It is a re-issue of the Constitution of 1845, with 16 explanatory articles.

The Madrid correspondence says the Queen and Gen. O'Donnel are so much at variance that O'Donnel has tendered his resignation; but the Queen refused to accept it.

Advices from Constantinople represent that difficulties still exist with Russia respecting the Isle of Serpents. The English and French fleets consequently remain in the East.

It is stated that Austria has arrested several men, discharged at Malta from the British Legion, and against which Great Britain protests and demands their immediate release.

An uneasy feeling was also prevalent in London, that England acts in the Neapolitan affair without the hearty concurrence of France. These rumors had depressed the English funds.

The Government of Sardinia demands indemnity from Tuscany for the recent expulsion from Florence of a party of student visitors.

Advices from Copenhagen, state that the Sound Dues question was progressing satisfactorily. A special conference will be held in November to fix the indemnities.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, Sept. 23.—The advices by the Niagara caused greater firmness and more activity in the Cotton market, and the sales of the past two days have been 22,000 bales, of which 10,000 bales were taken on speculation, and 1000 bales for export. Prices to-day are stiffer, and the market firm, but quotations are unchanged.

Middling Orleans, 6¾d; middling Mobiles, 6¼d; middling Uplands, 6¼d.

The accounts from Manchester represent the market steady and generally unchanged.

BREADSTUFFS.—The Flour market is generally steady. Wheat has declined 2@3s. Corn is steady.

Provisions.—Beef is slow of sale, but prices are unaltered. Pork is easier, but quotations are unchanged. Bacon is steady. Lard is dull at 79s.

Red Wheat (new) 9s 2d; white Wheat (old) 9s 9d@10s 9d, new 10s@10s 3d; Baltimore and Philadelphia Flour 29s@31s 6d; Ohio 31s@32s; mixed Corn 31s 6d@32s; yellow 33s@34s 6d.

LONDON MONEY MARKET.—Consols closed at 93¼@94 for money.

LIVERPOOL, Wednesday afternoon.—The Cotton market is firmer, and some parties are asking 1-16th advance. Breadstuffs are dull.

NEWS FROM KANSAS.

Affairs in Kansas seem more quiet. The St. Louis Republican (Pro-Slavery) prints a letter from Lecompton, dated the 26th ult., which says that the armed bands have now dispersed, the citizens are returning to their claims, business is reviving, and peace prevails throughout the Territory.

Warrants have been issued for the arrest of Jones, Stringfellow, and other Pro-Slavery agitators.

Governor Geary has authorized Col. Titus to form a volunteer battalion to preserve the peace in the neighborhood of Lecompton, and Capt. Walker has been assigned the same duty in the vicinity of Lawrence.

Mr. George Walter, who left St. Louis on the 21st ult., says that he received every assurance from the Missouri river captains of steamers, from steamboat owners, and from St. Louis merchants, that emigrants from free States to Kansas, may now take this route with perfect safety. Last week upwards of six hundred Missourians, Kentuckians and Southerners of the Pro-Slavery army came down the river, having been expelled from Kansas by order of Governor Geary. Mr. Walter states that he met with many *Free Soilers* at St. Louis, who had been expelled from Leavenworth City by the Missourians, but who were daily returning in safety. The river is navigable for light draught boats, with every probability of its remaining so till cold weather. Mr. W. has arranged with the Pacific Railroad Company to take first class passengers from St. Louis to Leavenworth City, Kansas, via Pacific Railroad to Jefferson City, thence by boat to Kansas, for ten dollars, including meals and state room. Time to Kansas from St. Louis, two and a-half days.

Accounts from Gen. Lane's party of a hundred mounted men, who went to clear the northern route to Kansas of border ruffians, have been received.—On their way through Kansas they encountered a body of 300 armed men, stationed there to prevent the ingress of Free Soil emigrants. On sight of Lane's party, these fled, and sought refuge in three forts which they had erected. Lane, having no artillery, could not attack them with any hope of success, and after vainly endeavoring to tempt them out for a field fight, he proceeded on his way. On reaching Tabor, Iowa, the men were well received. While they were there a report came from Kansas that the Pro Slavery men were again committing devastations about Topeka, and that the Free Soil settlers were being arrested by wholesale, without cause. Upon this Lane and his party rallied form immediately on their return. The Missourians had threatened to destroy the river *ferries* between Iowa and Nebraska.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 3.—Governor Geary has issued a Proclamation for the Sheriffs of the different counties in Kansas, to open the polls on Monday, Oct. 6, for the election of a Delegate to Congress and members of the Legislature.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 4.—A letter to the Republican from Governor Geary, dated the 26th ult., says the United States troops will be stationed at points where troubles are anticipated during the coming election, and that any interference with the legitimate exercise of suffrage will be punished with the utmost severity. Mr. Whitfield is the Pro Slavery candidate for Congress.

A letter to the Democrat, dated the 24th, says that the hundred Free State prisoners had been examined before Judge Cato, and committed for trial at the April term of the Court.

The privilege of counsel is still practically limited to all Free Soil prisoners in Kansas, by the refusal of the United States Judges in the Territory to permit any lawyer to practice there, unless he takes an oath to support the United States Constitution, the Fugitive Slave Law, the organic act, and the laws enacted by the bogus Legislature.

LIFE MEMBERS.—The Baltimore (Md.) Sun says: At the annual meeting of the Missionary Society, Western Virginia Conference M. E. Church, South, held in Guyandotte last week, Messrs. Fillmore, Buchanan, Donelson and Breckinridge, candidates for President and Vice President, were made life members of that Society. Their political friends advanced the required sum of eight dollars to purchase their certificates of membership.

NEWS ITEMS.

Etiquette, one of Fashion's colts, beat Rosona at the opening of the fall races on Fashion Course, N. Y., on Tuesday week, doing the first mile in 1.59, and the second in 2.3.

During the five months ending with May, one hundred tons of gold were shipped from Australia to London and Liverpool.

No election returns have been received from Calhoun county, Iowa. The Iowa Reporter, in explanation, says that the citizens of Calhoun county, while on their way to vote, were interrupted by a drove of elk, after which every man, deserting the polls, gave chase, and never came back to exercise the elective franchise!

From St. Petersburg we learn that the Czar has decreed that Poles, who are sufficiently acquainted with Russian ways, to admitted to civil employment in Russia, and that, on the other hand, Russians shall be admitted to civil functions in Poland. The meaning of this measure is, that Poland will no longer be allowed to possess Polish functionaries, but, even in ordinary civil affairs, will be Russianized. Thus the last vestige of her independent nationality has departed.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—Pigeons are in great abundance through the regions surrounding Easton. Huntsment are just now enjoying glorious sport.

The Havana (Ill.) Herald states that a wedding came off at the Court House, one day last week, in which the bride was fourteen, and the bridegroom was seventy odd years of age. They were both children, the one in her first, the other in his second childhood. There was present at the nuptial ceremony a daughter of the "old gentleman" as old as the bride's mother.

THE GOOD OLD TIME.—Before the time of Pope Innocent III., (1198,) there was no solemnization of marriage in the church, but the bridegroom came to the bride's house, and led her home to his own, which was all the ceremony then used.

LOLA MONTES.—We learn from the California papers that Lola Montes has determined to retire from the stage in a short time. Her entire collection of diamonds and rich jewelry, amounting to fifteen or twenty thousand, will be sold shortly at auction.

The Buckwheat in New Jersey was never finer or more abundant. In Sussex and Warren counties the crop, it is said, will be the largest ever gathered. A great breadth was sown, and the yield is unusually large; besides, it is now past all danger from frost or any other cause.

CLERICAL OPPOSITION TO WALKER.—The Vicar-General and Administrator of the Diocese of San Salvador addresses a circular to his curates, in which, after declaring William Walker the enemy of the Catholic Church, for which he intends to substitute Protestantism, he calls upon the priests to be watchful against the enemy, and to prepare a vigorous resistance.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT.—Grapes, peaches and strawberries, in considerable quantities, have been raised this summer throughout the entire mining regions of the State. Even the country so far north, and so recently settled, as Shasta, has produced largely of these luxuries. In fact, the soil and climate of the mountains seem quite as well adapted to their growth as the hitherto more esteemed valleys of the coast.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 1.—Mr. B. S. Botts, a son of John M. Botts, publishes a card in the Richmond Whig, denouncing Roger A. Pryor, editor of the Enquirer, in severe terms. Mr. Botts says no long but physical incapacity, occasioned by rheumatic attacks, has prevented him from inflicting on Mr. Pryor personal chastisement, and then proclaims his conduct towards his (Mr. B.'s) father to have been brutal, ruffianly and cowardly to the last degree, and invites him to resort to the duel in defence. He declares Mr. Pryor to be a bully, a blackguard, a posted coward, and a poltroon, and uses other language that will probably cause a meeting.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 6.—A telegraphic despatch has been received here from Richmond, stating that B. B. Botts and Wm. Pryor had left that city, and it was supposed for the purpose of fighting a duel in the vicinity of this city. The police are on the look out for the purpose of preventing the meeting.

NEW YORK, Oct. 1.—The Annual Convention of the American Baptist Bible Union met to-day. The Committee appointed to investigate the charges of Dr. Judd, against the manner in which the translation of the Bible was being conducted, made a report sustaining the officers of the Union and the revising committee. The report was adopted, Dr. Judd being defeated in every movement he made.

AMERICAN APPLES FOR EXPORT.—In consequence of the failure of the apple crop in Europe, there is a large demand in New York for exportation. One firm there has already contracted to send 6,000 barrels to England, and at least 10,000 barrels of Newtown pippins are in course of preparation for shipment.

DECREASE OF LAWYERS IN ENGLAND.—The London Globe announces that there are no less than 40 sets of chambers now to let in the Inner Temple, and 33 in the Middle Temple, and that the entries of students are about one-fifth of what they were ten years ago. The calls to the bar have fallen off to a mere nothing, compared with what they were formerly. Whereas the Middle Temple used to call a few years ago from 120 to 130 a year, 20 is now about the average, and even this number shows symptoms of disease.

WHAT A STOMACH.—In one year New York city eats 185,000 oxen, 13,000 cows, 560,000 sheep and lambs, 40,000 calves, and 280,000 swine. If ranged seven abreast, they would make a procession two miles long.

SAD FATE.—Herr Standige, the celebrated singer and instructor of Jenny Lind, died in a mad-house at Vienna last month.

HEAVY CROPS.—Six hundred bushels of sweet potatoes, to the acre, are said to have been raised this season, on the Guadalupe river, in Texas.

THE TORPEDO ASSASSIN SENTENCED.—Wm. Arrison was, on Monday week, sentenced, at Cincinnati, Ohio, to ten years imprisonment with hard labor for the "manslaughter" of Isaac Allison, on the 26th of June, 1854. An indictment for the murder of Mrs. Allison still hangs over the prisoner.

EXTENSIVE ROBBERY.—Jewelry to the amount of 100,000 florins was recently stolen from the Baroness de Rothschild, at Frankfort on the Maine.

RELIEF FOR KANSAS.—Twenty-six packages of clothing have recently been sent from Boston, Mass., to the destitute residents of Kansas, and more are in course of preparation.

EDUCATION IN CALIFORNIA.—We learn from the proceedings of a Teachers' Convention at Benicia, California, commencing August 12th, published in the Sacramento Union, that the educational interests are well attended to. There are in the State 300 schools, and 380 teachers actively engaged in their profession.

LARGE WOOLEN FACTORY.—At the Bay State Mills, in Lawrence, Mass., there are annually manufactured 400,000 shawls, valued at upwards of $1,500,000. The mills consume 40,000 pounds wool to a day, or upwards of 12,000,000 per year, requiring annually, the fleeces of at least 3,000,000 sheep.

THANKSGIVING DAY IN MISSOURI.—The Governor has appointed the 20th of November to be observed as a day of thanksgiving.

NEBRASKA.—The census of Nebraska has just been taken, and it shows a population of 10,716 and 4,000 voters. The population has increased over two and one fourth fold in a single year, and the number of voters is nearly three times greater than in 1855.

A SUCCESSFUL SLAVER.—The brig P. Soule, formerly a trader between New Orleans (La.) and Havana (Cuba,) recently landed a cargo of six hundred negroes near Cienfuegos, and was then run ashore. This was the third cargo of negroes that she had landed from the coast of Africa. The usual calculation in the slave trade is that, if one cargo out of every three escapes capture, the investment is considered profitable.

THE COTTON CROP.—Dates from New Orleans of the 4th inst., say that the accounts from the cotton-growing region continue to grow worse daily, and not one in fifty now believes in a crop of three million bales. Indeed, a large number of well-informed and reliable houses here have cut down their estimates, within a day or so, to between two-and-a-half to two and-three-quarter millions.

THE WAY TO TREAT STRANGERS.—The Halifax Recorder of Sept. 13th says:—"We are sorry to learn that, on the evening of Tuesday last, a party of the officers of the U. S. corvette Cyane, were grossly insulted while passing through some of our principal streets. They were followed up by a crowd who very emphatically advised them to 'go to Greytown,' and shouted out various insulting expressions and opprobious epithets after them. One of the insolent party, we understand, expressed a willingness to give a licking to the best man in the crowd, but the individuals who composed the latter, preferred, it seems, limiting themselves to giving the foreigners 'a piece of their minds.'"

A wire suspension bridge is in course of construction across Brandy Creek, Yuba county, California. At the extreme ends of the span two towers are to be erected, and then six trees standing conveniently have been sawed off from sixty to two hundred feet from the ground, the largest span between them being two hundred and sixty feet. The wire cables are to be stretched across this space, and a flume suspended beneath them to carry the waters of Clear Creek to the town of Young's Bar.

PROFITS OF LECTURING.—J. H. Green, the reformed gambler, is said to be building at Jacksonville, Iowa, one of the best saw and planing mills in the northern portion of that State.

CALLING THE ROLL ON BUNKER HILL.—Hon. Robert Toombs, of Ga., has written a letter to Hon. Benj. F. Hallett, of Massachusetts, denying that he ever threatened, in a public speech, to "call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill." He complains that President Wayland should have charged him with uttering such a foolish threat.

The President has located the two new land offices for Minnesota, Northwest District at Ojibwa, and the Northeast at Buchanan, on Lake Superior.

THE DIFFERENCE.—While it will cost $785—a family of twelve persons—to cross the Atlantic, in a Cunard steamer, the charge in one of the splendid steamers of the Philadelphia and Liverpool line will be only $450. Something of a difference, which those going to Europe will doubtless appreciate.

Mr. Saunders, the American candidate for Congress in the first district of Virginia, has lately delivered a speech in Middlesex county, and another in Westmoreland, advocating the restoration of the Missouri Compromise, as a measure of peace and conciliation.

AMERICAN COTTON GINS IN INDIA.—In July, 1851, the Eagle Cotton Gin Manufacturing Company of Louisiana, sent to Calcutta one of their gin stands for making fine cotton, and intending it to enter into competition for the prize of 5,000 rupees offered in 1849 by the Government of India, through the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India. The Society awarded the American gin stand a prize of $1,250 and a handsome gold medal.

DEATH OF AN INVENTOR.—James Renton, the inventor of the "Renton process," a new method of manufacturing iron, died suddenly on Friday week, at Brighton, Pa.

FATAL DUEL AT CHARLESTON.—W. R. Taber, editor of the Charleston (S. C.) Mercury, was killed on the 29th ult., in a duel with Edward Magrath, brother to A. G. Magrath, the Congressional nominee for the Charleston District. The cause of the duel was the publication of two articles in the Mercury, under the signature of "A Nullifier," which were very coarsely personal towards Mr. A. G. Magrath, the Congressional candidate, and for publishing and endorsing which, his brother challenged both Mr. Taber and Mr. Heart, of the Mercury.—There were three exchanges of shots, the last of which proved fatal. Efforts were made between each shot to effect a settlement. After the fall of Mr. Taber, Mr. Heart appeared on the ground, and notified Mr. Magrath of his readiness to meet him, but the latter replied that he had no further demands to make.

The offensive articles in the Mercury were written by Mr. Edward Rhett, Jr. He claims their authorship in a letter to Mr. A. G. Magrath, in which he calls upon that person to vindicate his own honor, and prevent the duel between his brother and Mr. Taber. Mr. Magrath replies that Mr. Rhett's letter conveyed to him the first information of a pending duel, and he immediately hastened to Charleston to prevent it, but arrived too late. In regard to Mr. Rhett's challenge, he says he will follow the dictates of his own sense of propriety, after consulting with his friends. Mr. Magrath has withdrawn from his position as a candidate to Congress. He says he distinctly stated before his nomination, that he would not "enter personally into any contest, nor in any manner be connected with any canvass out of which there should arise bitter feelings or angry divisions." If all candidates were to act upon this principle, there would be a pretty general withdrawal throughout the country.

FROM NICARAGUA.—WALK

THE OLD MASTERS.

[Under the above caption, Charles Dickens, in a recent number of "Household Words," has an article, part of which we subjoin, containing some manly and sensible views regarding the absurd daubs and abortions of the "Old Masters," about which so much stuff and nonsense gets currency.]

If anything I can say here will help, in the smallest degree, towards encouraging intelligent people of any rank to turn a deaf ear to everything that critics, connoisseurs, lecturers, and compilers of guide-books can say to them, to trust entirely to their own common sense when they are looking at pictures, and to express their opinions boldly, without the slightest reference to any precedents whatever, I shall have exactly achieved the object with which I now apply myself to the writing of this paper.

We have not yet fairly got at the main obstacle which hinders the public from judging of pictures for themselves, and which, by a natural consequence, limits the influence of Art on the nation generally. For my own part, I have long thought and shall always continue to believe, that this same obstacle is nothing more or less than the Cant of Criticism, which has got obstructively between Art and the people,—which has kept them asunder, and will keep them asunder until it is fairly pulled out of the way, and set aside at once and for ever in its proper background place.

This is a bold thing to say; but I think I can advance some proofs that my assertion is not altogether so wild as it may appear at first sight. By the Cant of Criticism, I desire to express, in one word, the conventional laws and formulas, the authoritative rules and regulations which individual men set up to guide the tastes and influence the opinions of their fellow-creatures. When Criticism does not speak in too arbitrary a language, and when the laws it makes are ratified by the consent and approbation of the intelligent public in general, I have as much respect for it as any one. But, when Criticism sits altogether apart, speaks opinions that find no answering echo in the general heart, and measures the greatness of intellectual work by anything rather than by its power of appealing to all capacities for admiration and enjoyment, from the very highest to the very humblest—then, as it seems to me, Criticism becomes Cant and forfeits all claim to consideration and respect. It then becomes the kind of criticism which I call *Obstructive*, and which has, I think, *set itself up fatally between the Art of Painting* and the honest and general appreciation of that Art by the People.

Let me try to make this still clearer by an example. A great deal of obstructive criticism undoubtedly continues to hang as closely as it can about Poetry and Music. But there are, nevertheless, stateable instances, in relation to these two Arts, of the voice of the critic and the voice of the people being on the same side. The tragedy of Hamlet, for example, is critically considered to be the masterpiece of dramatic poetry; and the tragedy of Hamlet is also, according to the testimony of every sort of manager, the play, of all others, which can be invariably depended on to fill a theatre with the greatest certainty, act it when and how you will. Again, in music, the Don Giovanni of Mozart, which is the admiration even of the direst pedant producible from the ranks of musical connoisseurs, is also the irresistible popular attraction which is always sure to fill the pit and gallery at the opera. Here, at any rate, are two instances in which two great achievements of the past in poetry and music are alike viewed with admiration by the man who appreciates by instinct, and the man who appreciates by reason and rule.

If we apply the same test to the achievements of the past in Painting, where shall we find a similar instance of genuine concurrence between the few who are appointed to teach, and the many who are expected to learn? I put myself in the position of a man of fair capacity and average education, who labors under the fatal delusion that he will be helped to a sincere appreciation of the works of the Old Masters *by asking critics and connoisseurs to form* his opinions for him. I am sent to Italy as a matter of course. A general chorus of learned authorities tells me that Michael Angelo and Raphael are the two greatest painters that ever lived; and that the two recognised masterpieces of the highest High Art are the Last Judgment, in the Sistine Chapel, and the Transfiguration, in the Vatican. It is not only Lanzi and Vasari, and hosts of later sages running smoothly after those two along the same critical grooves, who give me this information. Even the greatest of English portrait-painters, the true and tender-hearted gentleman, Sir Joshua Reynolds, sings steadily with the critical chorus, note for note. When experience has made me wiser, I am able to detect clearly enough in the main principles which Reynolds has adopted in his Lectures on Art, the reason of his notorious want of success whenever he tried to rise above portraits to the regions of historical painting. But at the period of my innocence, I am simply puzzled and amazed, when I come to such a passage as the following in Sir Joshua's famous Fifth Lecture, where he sums up the comparative merits of Michael Angelo and Raphael:

"If we put these great artists in a line of comparison with each other, (lectures Sir Joshua,) Raphael had more taste and fancy, Michael Angelo more genius and imagination. The one excelled in beauty, the other in *energy*. Michael Angelo had more of the poetical inspiration; his ideas are vast and sublime; his people are a superior order of beings; there is nothing about them, nothing in the air of their actions or their attitudes, or the style and cast of their limbs or features, that reminds us of their belonging to our own species.

Here I get plainly enough at what Sir Joshua considers to be the crowning excellence of high art. It is one great proof of the poetry and sublimity of Michael Angelo's pictures, that the people represented in them never remind us of our own species: which seems equivalent to saying that the representation of a man made in the image of Michael Angelo is a grander sight than the representation of a man made in the image of God. I am a little staggered by these principles of criticism; but as all the learned authorities that I can get at seem to have adopted them, I do my best to follow the example of my teachers, and set off reverently for Rome to see the two works of art which my critical masters tell me are the sublimest pictures that the world has yet beheld.

I go first to the Sistine Chapel; and, on a great blue-colored wall at one end of it, I see painted a confusion of naked, knotty-bodied figures, sprawling up or tumbling down below a single figure, posted aloft in the middle, and apparently threatening the rest with his hand. If I ask Lanzi, or Vasari, or Sir Joshua Reynolds, or the gentleman who has compiled Murray's Hand-Book for Central Italy, or any other competent authorities, what this grotesquely startling piece of painter's work can possibly be, I am answered that it is actually intended to represent the unimaginably awful spectacle of the Last Judgment! And I am further informed that, estimated by the critical tests applied to it by these said competent authorities, the picture is pronounced to be a master-piece of grandeur and sublimity. I can see neither the one nor the other in it—but then the criterion of grandeur and sublimity in Art, adopted by the competent authorities, is altogether beyond my comprehension. As a last resource, I resolve to look a little closer at this celebrated work, and to try if I can get at any fair estimate of it by employing such plain, straightforward, uncritical tests as will do for me and for everybody.

Here is a fresco, which aspires to represent the most impressive of all Christian subjects; it is painted on the wall of a Christian church, by a man belonging to a Christian community—what evidences of religious feeling has it to show me? I look at the lower part of the composition first, and see—a combination of the orthodox nursery notion of the devil with the Heathen idea of the conveyance to the infernal regions, in the shape of a horned and tailed ferryman, giving condemned souls a cast across the river!

Let me try and discover next what evidences of extraordinary intellectual ability the picture presents. I look up towards the top now, by way of a change, and I find Michael Angelo's conception of the entrance of a martyr into the Kingdom of Heaven, displayed before me in the shape of a flayed man, presenting his own skin, as a sort of credential, to the hideous figure with the threatening hand—which I will not, even in writing, identify with the name of Our Saviour. Elsewhere, I see nothing but unnatural distortion and hopeless confusion; fighting figures, tearing figures, tumbling figures, kicking figures; and, to crown all, a caricatured portrait, with a pair of ass's ears, of a certain Messer Biagio of Sienna, who had the sense and courage, when the Last Judgment was first shown on completion, to protest against every figure in it being painted stark-naked!

I see such things as these, and many more equally preposterous, which it is not worth while to mention. All other people with eyes in their heads can see them, too. They are actual matters of fact, not debateable matters of taste. But I am not—on that account—justified, nor is any other uncritical person justified in saying a word against the picture. It may palpably outrage all the religious proprieties of the subject; but then it is full of "fine foreshortening," and therefore we uncritical people must hold our tongues. It may violate just as plainly all the intellectual proprieties, counting from the flayed man with his skin in his hand, at the top, to Messer Biagio of Sienna, with his ass's ears, at the bottom; but then it exhibits "masterly anatomical detail," and therefore we uncritical spectators may hold our tongues. It may strike us forcibly that if people are to be painted at all, as in this picture, rising out of their graves in their own bodies as they lived, it is surely important (to say nothing of giving them the benefit of the shrouds in which they were buried) to represent them as having the usual general proportions of human beings. But Sir Joshua Reynolds interposes critically, and tells us the figures on the wall and ceiling of the Sistine Chapel are sublime, because they don't remind us of our own species. Why should they not remind us of our own species? Because they are prophets, sibyls, and such like, cries the chorus of critics indignantly. And what then? If I had been on intimate terms with Jeremiah, or if I had been the ancient king to whom the sibyl brought the mysterious books, would not my friend in the one case, and the messenger in the other, have appeared before me bearing the ordinary proportions and exhibiting the usual appearance of my own species? Does not Sacred History inform me that the prophet was a Man, and does not Profane History describe the sibyl as an Old Woman? Is old age never venerable and striking in real life? But I am uttering heresies. I am mutinously summoning reason and common sense to help me in estimating an Old Master. This will never do; I had better follow the example of all the travellers I see about me, by turning away in despair, and leaving the Last Judgment to the critics and connoisseurs.

Having thus discovered that one masterpiece of High Art does not address itself to me, and to the large majority whom I represent, let me go next to the Vatican, and see how the second master-piece (the Transfiguration, by Raphael,) can vindicate its magnificent reputation among critics and connoisseurs. This picture I approach under the advantage of knowing, beforehand, that I must make certain allowances for minor defects in it, which are recognized even by the learned authorities themselves. I am indeed prepared to be disappointed, at the outset, because I have been prepared by an artist friend to make allowances:—

First, for the defects of color, which spoil the general effect of the picture on the spectator; all the lights being lividly tinged with green, and all the shadows being grimly hardened with black. This mischief is said to have been worked by the tricks of *French cleaners and restorers*, who have so fatally tampered with the whole surface that Raphael's original coloring must be given up as lost. Rather a considerable loss, this, to begin with; but not Raphael's fault. Therefore, let it by no means depreciate the picture in my estimation.

Secondly, I have to make allowances for the introduction of two Roman Catholic Saints, (St. Julian and St. Lawrence,) represented by the painter as being actually present at the Transfiguration, in order to please Cardinal de' Medici, for whom the picture was painted. This is Raphael's fault. This sets him forth in the rather anomalous character of a great painter, with no respect for his art. I have some doubts about him, after that—doubts which my critical friends might possibly share if Raphael were only a modern painter.

Thirdly, I have to make allowances for the scene of the Transfiguration on the high mountain, and the scene of the inability of the disciples to cure the boy possessed with a devil, being represented, without the slightest division, one at the top and the other at the bottom of the same canvas—both events thus appearing to be connected by happening in the same place within view of each other, when we know very well that they were only connected by happening at the same time. Also, when I see some of the disciples painted in the act of pointing up to the Transfiguration, the mountain itself being the background against which they stand, I am to remember (though the whole of the *rest* of the picture is most absolutely and unflinchingly *literal* in treatment) that here Raphael has *suddenly* broken out into allegory, and desires to indicate by the pointing hands of the disciples that it is the duty of the afflicted to look to Heaven for relief in their calamities. Having made all these rather important allowances, I may now look impartially at the upper half of this famous composition.

I find myself looking away again very soon, indeed. It may be that three figures clothed in gracefully fluttering drapery, and dancing at symmetrically exact distances from each other in the air, represent such an unearthly spectacle as that of the Transfiguration to the satisfaction of great judges of art. I can also imagine that some few select persons may be able to look at the top of the high mountain, as represented in the picture, without feeling their gravity in the smallest degree endangered by seeing that the ugly knob of ground on which the disciples are lying prostrate, is barely big enough to hold them, and most certainly would not hold them if they all moved briskly on it together. These things are matters of taste, on which I have the misfortune to differ with the connoisseurs. Not feeling bold enough to venture on defending myself against the masters who are teaching me to appreciate High Art, I can only look away from the upper part of the picture as quickly as possible, and try if I can derive any useful or pleasant impressions from the lower half of the composition, in which no supernatural event is depicted, and which it is therefore perfectly justifiable to judge *by referring* it to the standard of dramatic truth, or in one word, of Nature. As for this portion of the picture, I can hardly believe my eyes when I first look at it. Excepting the convulsed face of the boy, and a certain hard eagerness in the look of the man who is holding him, all the other faces display a stony inexpressiveness, which, when I think of the great name of Raphael in connection with what I see, fairly amazes me. I look down incredulously at my guide-book. Yes! there is, indeed, the critical authority of Lanzi quoted for my benefit. Lanzi tells me in plain terms that I behold represented in the picture before me, "the most pathetic story Raphael ever conceived," and *refers*, in proof of it, to "the compassion evinced by the Apostles." I look attentively at them all, and behold an assembly of hard-featured, bearded men, standing, sitting, gesticulating, in conventional academic attitudes; their faces not expressing naturally, not even affecting to express artificially, compassion for the suffering boy, humility at their own incapability to relieve him, or any other human emotion likely to be suggested by the situation in which they are placed. I find it still more dismaying to look next at the figure of a brawny woman, with her back to the spectator, entreating the help of the Apostles theatrically on one knee, with her insensible classical profile turned in one direction, and both her muscular arms stretched out in the other; it is still more dismaying to look at such a figure as this, and then to be gravely told by Lanzi that it exhibits "the affliction of a beautiful and interesting female." I observe, on entering the room in which the Transfiguration is placed, as I have previously observed on entering the Sistine Chapel, groups of intelligent people before the picture consulting their guide-books—looking attentively at the work of High Art which they are ordered to admire—trying hard to admire it—then, with dismay in their faces, looking round at each other, shutting up their books, and retreating from High Art in despair. I observe these groups for a little while, and I end in following their example. We members of the general public may admire Hamlet and Don Giovanni honestly, along with the critics, but the two sublimest pictures (according to the learned authorities) which the world has yet beheld, appeal to none of us; and we leave them, altogether discouraged on the subject of Art for the future. From that time forth we look at pictures with a fatal self-distrust. Some of us recklessly take our opinions from others; some of us cautiously keep our own opinions to ourselves; and some of us indolently abstain from having anything to do with an opinion at all.

Is this exaggerated? Have I misrepresented facts in the example I have quoted of obstructive criticism on Art, and of its discouraging effects on the public mind? Let the doubting reader, by all means, judge for himself. Let him refer to any recognised authority he pleases, and he will find that the two pictures of which I have been writing are critically and officially considered, to this day, as the two masterworks of the highest school of painting. Having ascertained that, let him next, if possible, procure a sight of some print or small copy from any part of either picture (there is a copy of the whole of the Transfiguration in the Gallery at the Crystal Palace), and practically test the truth of what I have said. Or, in the event of his not choosing to take that trouble, let him ask any unprofessional and uncritical friend who has seen the pictures themselves—and the more intelligent and unprejudiced that *friend, the better for my purpose*—what the effect on him was of The Last Judgment, or The Transfiguration. If I can only be assured of the sincerity of the witness, I shall not be afraid of the result of the examination.

Other readers who have visited the Sistine Chapel and the Vatican can testify for themselves (but, few of them will—I know them!) whether I have misrepresented their impressions or not. To that part of my audience I have nothing to say, except that I beg them not to believe that I am a heretic in relation to all works by all old masters, because I have spoken out about the Last Judgment and the Transfiguration. I am not blind, I hope, to the merits of any picture, provided it will bear honest investigation on uncritical principles. I have seen such exceptional works by ones and twos, amid many hundreds of utterly worthless canvasses with undeservedly famous names attached to them, in Italy and elsewhere. My valet de place has not pointed them out to me; my guide-book, which criticises according to authority, has not recommended me to look at them, except in very rare cases indeed. I discovered them for myself, and others may discover them as readily as I did, if they will only take their minds out of leading-strings when they enter a gallery, and challenge a picture boldly to do its duty by explaining its own merits to them without the assistance of an interpreter. If I give that simple receipt for the finding out and enjoying of good pictures, I need give no more. It is no part of my object to attempt to impose my own tastes and preferences on others. I want—if I may be allowed, to repeat my motives once more in the plainest terms—to do all I can to shake the influence of authority in matters of Art, because I see that authority standing drearily and persistently aloof from all popular sympathy; because I see it keeping pictures and the people apart; and because I find it setting up as masterpieces, two of the worst of many palpably bad and barbarous works of past times.

And what remedy against this? I say at the end, as I said at the beginning, the remedy is to judge for themselves, and to express our opinions, privately and publicly, on every possible occasion, without hesitation, without compromise, without reference to any precedents whatever. Public opinion has had its victories in other matters, and may yet have its victory in matters of Art. We, the people, have a gallery that is called ours; let us do our best to have it filled for the future with pictures (no matter when or by whom painted), that we can get some honest enjoyment and benefit from. Let us, in Parliament and out of it, before dinner and after dinner, in the presence of big-wigs just as coolly as out of the presence of big-wigs, say plainly once for all that the sort of High Art which is professedly bought *for us*, and which does actually address itself to nobody but painters, critics, and connoisseurs, is not High Art at all, but the lowest of the Low: because it is the narrowest as to its sphere of action, and the most scantily furnished as to its means of doing good. We shall shock the connoisseurs (especially the elder ones) dreadfully by taking this course; we shall get indignantly reprimanded by the critics, and flatly contradicted by the lecturers; but we shall also, sooner or later, get a collection of pictures bought for us that we, mere mankind, can appreciate and understand. It may be a revolutionary sentiment, but I think that the carrying out of this reform (as well as of a few others) is a part of the national business which the people of England have got to do for themselves, and in which no big-wig whomsoever will assist them. There is a great deal of social litter accumulating about us; suppose, when we start the business of setting things to rights, that we try the new broom gently at first, by sweeping away a little High Art, and having the temerity to form our own opinions?

CLEAR PAINTING.

Then long drear months of listless life,
The wide blue deep, the floating sedge,
The sail on the horizon's edge,
The game of cards, the chess-board strife:

At last the sailors' shout of land,
The pilot-boat from off the shore,
The shrieking mew, the breakers' roar,
The long white line of gleaming sand.

The bamboo town, the stately palms,
The old stockade of stakes and turf,
The Indian wading through the surf,
The captain carried in his arms.

—*E. C. Goodwin.*

DR. YOUNG'S HAPPY IMPROMPTU.—Perhaps one of the happiest and most elegant impromptus ever uttered was the following, by Dr. Young, author of the "Night Thoughts," when walking in his garden with two ladies, one of whom he afterwards married. On being called away by his servants to speak to a parishioner on some pressing business, he was very unwilling to leave the ladies, and, on being almost driven into the house by their gentle violence, he thus addressed them:

"Thus Adam once at God's command was driven
From paradise by angels sent from Heaven;
Like him I go, and yet to go am loth—
Like him I go, for angels drove us both.
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind;
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind."

☞ A young lady, being asked by a politician which party she was most in favor of, replied that she preferred a wedding party.

THE AUTUMNAL EQUINOX.

BY REV. N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

Room for King Autumn! Room!
Summer, the wanton queen, has run to doom,
And died. With war-like din,
The rude but bounteous conqueror marches in.
See how his banners fly,
The gonfaloons of cloud and stain-streaked sky.
Hark to his pipe and drum,
On the fierce blast their stormy clangors come;—
They whistle and they blast
O'er the wide ocean, through the narrow street;
While to their terrible call
The surges mount, and tree and turret fall.
His cannon on the air,
Flashes and roars. It is his right! Room there!

Now he is sitting crowned;
And golden sunsets beam his brows around,
And ruddy noontide hours
Warm up the thin leaves of his mottled bowers.
At night the moon's pale face
Rises before its time, to do him grace.
Now plenteous fruits—not such
As those before them, mouldering soon from touch,
But hardy, ripening still
For use long hence—the patient garners fill.

Oh equinoctial time,
Whose days are soothing toward the frosty clime
Of this strange life! In raids
Of storm and wrath at first thy power invades;
And at the ominous gale
Which Nature shakes at, a poor heart may quail.
New King, be good to me!
Let me thy mellow favors round me see,
And something laid in store,
When leaves have drooped and flowers will bloom no more;
And take not clean away
The genial glows that warmed a longer day.
Hunters and Harvest moon,
Loth to desert, and coming up so soon,
Be emblems to my mind
Of love, that when most needed shows most kind;
And all that crimson West
Breathes of pavilioned hopes and no ignoble rest.

A PRESIDENT WITHOUT A GRAVE-STONE.

PRESIDENT MONROE HAS NO MONUMENT.—There is a quiet, beautiful cemetery in the north side of Second street, in this city (New York) between First and Second avenues, separated from the sidewalk by a tall iron fence, placed upon a granite foundation. The shrubbery is always clean and vigorous; the grass is always the greenest, and the walks are scrupulously neat. There are many tasteful and appropriate monuments to the dead that sleep within this beautiful inclosure; but to the memory of the most famous of its dumb inhabitants there is no marble shaft, no obelisk, not even a headstone erected. But upon a simple slab of marble that lies flat some two feet square upon the earth, and is almost covered by grass, is the following inscription:

JAMES MONROE.
ROBERT TILLOTSON.
Vault No. 147.

There is nothing to indicate that the James Monroe, mentioned, is the Monroe who was in the battle of White Plains, and received a ball in the shoulder at the attack on Trenton, who fought by the side of Lafayette at Brandywine, who was Minister to France in 1794, and afterwards to England; who was Secretary of State in 1811, and for two full terms President of these United States. Yet such is the fact, and that weather-stained slab of marble, two feet square, is all the monument that Ex-President Monroe has.

It is a curious neglect that leaves the precious dust of one of the purest patriots that our country has been blest with, to rest in such obscurity. Thousands pass every day by the spot, admiring the well-kept grounds, pausing for the fragrance of the flowering shrubs, listening to the song of the birds that find this oasis in the city's desert, but never dreaming that the author of the Monroe Doctrine, the fourth President of the United States, lies within a few feet of them. Monuments to men of half his intellectual stature, and a tithe of his industry and goodness of heart, are going up all over the land. Shall he who was re-elected to the Presidency by a vote unanimous with a single exception, and who never disgraced his position, have no more than this?

As Mr. Monroe was a Virginian, it is the supposition of most people that he died and was buried within the Old Dominion, but this is an error.

Mr. Monroe, in his last days, resided with Samuel Gouverneur, late postmaster of this city, (New York) who married his daughter; their residence was on the corner of Prince and Elm streets.

The venerable Dr. Francis tells us that he often met Mr. Monroe, walking out when the weather was fine, and that on these occasions he was the object of the most affectionate attentions. He has often met him making purchases for the family, at Centre Market, where all the stallmen knew and honored him. He was tall and spare, very modest in his bearing, dignified and gentlemanly. In his address, he was hesitating and diffident, as polite to the poorest and humblest as to any. He was one of the most industrious of men, a hard student, and his cares left their marks on his face. The wound that he received at Trenton was felt for many years afterwards—indeed, throughout all his life he occasionally suffered from it.

His last illness was a long and tedious one. His attendant was his son-in-law's family physician, Dr. Berger. He expired at 10½ o'clock on the morning of the 4th of July, 1831.

His funeral was a very imposing one—the largest that at that time had ever been seen in New York. The military, under Gen. Jacob Morton, Grand Marshal, filled Broadway, from Prince to Broad street, through which it passed to the cemetery. The day was fine, and the signs of mourning were generally adopted by our citizens. The vault in which his dust still lies, is on the east side of the cemetery, just to the right of the main walk as you look in from the entrance. The passer-by will note a small pole, on which a dove-house is perched. Within a yard of that pole is the sacred spot.

The death of Mr. Monroe was announced to Ex-President Madison by Dr. J. W. Francis, immediately upon the decease. To this the following reply was sent by Mr. Madison, which is now, for the first time, published:

LETTER OF JAMES MADISON TO DR. JOHN W. FRANCIS.

MONTPELIER, July 9, 1831.

DEAR SIR:—Your favor of the 4th, communicating the death of Mr. Monroe, was duly received. I had been prepared for the event by information of its certain approach. The time was so far happy, as it added another to the coincidences before so remarkable and memorable. You have justly ranked him with the heroes and patriots who have deserved best of their country. No one knew him better than I did, or had a sincere affection for him, or condoles more deeply with those to whom he was most dear.

With the thanks which I owe you, be pleased to accept, sir, the tender of my esteem and my cordial salutations. JAMES MADISON.

DR. FRANCIS.

Mr. Monroe shares even his grave with another man. He had no wealth when he died, and in his death no tomb of his own.

We owe it to his memory that we provide for his ashes a resting place that should be his own, or at least that a creditable monument be raised over them where they lie. Shall the dust be transferred to Greenwood, or, leaving it where it has rested for twenty-five years, shall a noble column of pure marble be erected in token of our appreciation of the worth, excellence and services of one who had no enemies, or, if there were those who envied him, of whom the envious could say no harm? Who is ready to move in this matter?—*N. Y. Times.*

TRAITS OF INDIAN CHARACTER.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

There is something in the character and habits of the North American savage, taken in connexion with the scenery over which he is accustomed to range, its vast lakes, boundless forests, majestic rivers, and trackless plains, that is, to my mind, wonderfully striking and sublime. He is formed for the wilderness, as the Arab is for the desert. His nature is stern, simple, and enduring; fitted to grapple with difficulties, and to support privations.

There seems but little soil in his heart for the growth of the kindly virtues; and yet, if we would but take the trouble to penetrate through that proud stoicism and habitual taciturnity which lock up his character from casual observation, we should find him linked to his fellow-man of civilized life by more of those sympathies and affections than are usually ascribed to him.

It was the lot of the unfortunate aborigines of America, in the early periods of colonization, to be doubly wronged by the white men. They have been dispossessed of their hereditary possessions by mercenary and frequently wanton warfare; and their characters have been traduced by bigoted writers.

The colonist has often treated them like beasts of the forest; and the author has endeavored to justify him in his outrages. The former found it easier to exterminate than to civilize; the latter, to vilify than to discriminate. The appellations of savage and pagan, were deemed sufficient to sanction the hostilities of both; and thus the poor wanderers of the forest were persecuted and defamed, not because they were guilty, but because they were ignorant.

The rights of the savage have seldom been properly appreciated or respected by the white man. In peace, he has too often been the dupe of artful traffic; in war he has been regarded as a ferocious animal, whose life or death was a question of mere precaution or convenience. Man is cruelly wasteful of life when his own safety is endangered, and he is sheltered by impunity; and little mercy is to be expected from him when he feels the sting of the reptile, and is conscious of the power to destroy.

The same prejudices which were indulged thus early, exist in common circulation at the present day. Certain learned societies, it is true, have endeavored, with laudable diligence, to investigate and record the real characters and manners of the Indian tribes. The American Government, too, has wisely and humanely exerted itself to inculcate a friendly and forbearing spirit towards them, and to protect them from fraud and injustice.

The current opinion of the Indian character, however, is too apt to be formed from the miserable hordes which infest the frontiers, and hang on the skirts of the settlements. These are too commonly composed of degenerate beings, corrupted and enfeebled by the vices of society, without being benefitted by its civilization. That proud independence which formed the main pillar of savage virtue, has been shaken down, and the whole moral fabric lies in ruins. Their spirits are humiliated and debased by a sense of inferiority, and their native courage cowed and daunted by the superior knowledge and power of their enlightened neighbors.

Society has advanced upon them like one of those withering airs that will sometimes breathe desolation over a whole region of fertility. It has enervated their strength, multiplied their diseases, and superinduced upon their original barbarity the low vices of artificial life. It has given them a thousand superfluous wants, while it has diminished their means of mere existence. It has driven before it the animals of the chase, which fly from the sound of the axe, and the smoke of the settlement, and seek refuge in the depths of the remoter forests and yet untrodden wilds.

Thus do we too often find the Indians on our frontiers to be the mere wrecks and remnants of once powerful tribes, who have lingered in the vicinity of the settlements, and sunk into precarious and vagabond existence. Poverty, degrading and hopeless poverty, a canker of the mind, unknown in savage life, corrodes their spirits, and blights every free and noble quality of their natures. They become drunken, indolent, feeble and thievish.

They loiter, like vagrants, about the settlements, among spacious dwellings replete with elaborate comforts, which only render them sensible of the comparative wretchedness of their own condition.—Luxury spreads its ample board before their eyes; but they are excluded from the banquet. Plenty revels over the fields; but they are starving in the midst of its abundance: the whole wilderness has blossomed into a garden; but they feel as reptiles that infest it.

How different was their state, while yet the undisputed lords of the soil! Their wants were few and the means of gratification within their reach. They saw every one around them sharing the same lot, enduring the same hardships, feeding on the same aliments, arrayed in the same rude garments.

No roof then rose, but it was open to the homeless stranger; no smoke curled among the trees, but he was welcomed to sit down by its fire, and join the hunter in his repast. "For," says an old historian of New England, "their life is so void of care, and they are so loving also, that they make use of those they enjoy as common goods, and are therein so compassionate, that rather than one should starve through want, they would starve all; thus do they pass their time merrily, not regarding our pomp, but are better content with their own, which some men esteem so meanly of."

Such were the Indians, while in the pride and energy of their primitive natures. They resemble those wild plants which thrive best in the shades of the forests, but shrink from the hand of cultivation, and perish beneath the influence of the sun.

In discussing the savage character, writers have been prone to indulge in vulgar prejudice and passionate exaggeration, instead of the candid temper of true philosophy. They have not sufficiently considered the peculiar circumstances in which the Indians have been placed, and the peculiar principles under which they have been educated. No being acts more rigidly from rule than the Indian. His whole conduct is regulated according to some general maxims early implanted in his mind. The moral laws that govern him, are, to be sure, but few; but then, he conforms to them all: the white man abounds in laws of religion, morals, and manners; but how many does he violate?

A frequent ground of accusation against the Indians, is their disregard of treaties, and the treachery and wantonness with which, in time of apparent peace, they will suddenly fly to hostilities. The intercourse of the white men with the Indians, however, is too apt to be cold, distrustful, oppressive, and insulting. They seldom treat them with that confidence and frankness which are indispensable to real friendship; nor is sufficient caution observed not to offend against those feelings of pride or superstition, which often prompt the Indian to hostility quicker than mere considerations of interest.

The solitary savage feels silently, but acutely. His sensibilities are not diffused over so wide a surface as those of the white man; but they run in steadier and deeper channels. His pride, his affections, his superstitions, are all directed towards fewer objects; but the wounds inflicted on them are proportionately severe, and furnish motives of hostility which we cannot sufficiently appreciate.

Where a community is also limited in number, and forms one great patriarchal family, as in an Indian tribe, the injury of an individual is the injury of the whole; and the sentiment of vengeance is almost instantaneously diffused. One council fire is sufficient for the discussion and arrangement of a plan of hostilities. Here all the fighting men and sages assemble. Eloquence and superstition combine to influence the minds of the warriors. The orator awakens their martial ardor, and they are wrought up to a kind of religious desperation by the visions of the prophet and the dreamer.

UMBRELLA ANECDOTES.

Both parasol and umbrella, prosaic as they appear in their daily attributes, have each their romantic and legendary annals. During the last insurrection in favor of Don Carlos, an attack was made upon the summer palace of the Marquis de la S——, who was absent at the time, combatting in the Queen's cause in another part of the country. His daughter, the widowed Countess F——, was alone with the servants in the chateau. At the first onset she assembled all the men capable of defending her father's property, and, having barricaded doors and windows, prepared to meet the danger. But, taken by surprise and ill-prepared for the attack, the defenders were soon compelled, for want of ammunition, to surrender.

Driven from room to room in search of a fitting place of concealment from the invaders, the poor young Countess at last took refuge in a small closet which had been for many years used as a lumber-room, and where she hoped to remain undiscovered while the pillage of the house was going on. But the search, conducted with the sole view of capturing the beautiful young heiress, could scarcely fail to prove successful, and she was soon tracked to her hiding-place, amid the brutal threats and the still more frightful jests of the assailants.

For a moment the poor lady stood, defended by the pile of trunks and lumber behind which she had crept. But this fragile barrier could not be available for more than a few minutes longer. In her despair she looked around for some weapon of defence, by which she should be enabled to keep of the attack, until she could reach the window, resolving at once to perish rather than fall into the hands of that lawless band of ruffians. Her eye fell upon an old, cast-off umbrella belonging to her father, which, all dusty and moth-eaten, had perhaps been standing for years against the wall, in the place where she now beheld it. She seized it in triumph, and rushed to the window, just as the fiercest of her pursuers had succeeded in forcing the frail barrier which stood before her. He laughed in derision as she raised the old umbrella at his approach; but, nevertheless, the surprise occasioned by the movement caused him to draw back. In an instant the Countess had sprung upon the sill of the open window, and before he had recovered self-possession enough to grasp her garments, she had disappeared through the casement.

A cry of horror burst from the group of brigands as they rushed to the window, fully expecting to behold the fair form of one Countess dashed to pieces on the pavement of the court yard. But the old umbrella, which she still held in a firm grasp, had saved her from death and dishonor. It had opened in her descent, and, catching the breeze as she fell, was bearing her gently to the ground, where she alighted unharmed, and, reaching the gate before her pursuers had even thought of descending the stairs, found a refuge at the cottage of one of the peasants on the estate.

The Countess, now re-married, is living at the Court of Isabella II., where she holds one of the highest appointments; the old umbrella occupies a place in the church of Saint Isidore, where, decorated with cloth of gold and jewels, it hangs, a votive offering, behind the altar of Our Lady.

On the anniversary of her escape, the Countess repairs to the chapel, accompanied by her children, and the old umbrella is held over the kneeling group while the priest pronounces his benediction, and the little bell rings forth merrily in honor of the Virgin and the miraculous umbrella.

In Catholic countries every corporation owns its patron Saint—and Saint Medard is the patron of umbrella and parasol makers. It has rather astonished the incredulous that, such being the case, his festival should be celebrated on the 8th of June; but the legend-mongers, prepared for such objection, relate that their venerable Saint owes the reverence thus paid him, and the title of *magister dilueni*, which he has acquired, to the following incident in his life. Being one day out in the fields in the midst of summer, a violent shower burst suddenly from the Heavens. His companions were instantly wet to the skin, while he alone continued unconscious of the accident. An eagle of vast dimensions was soaring close above his head, which, with extended wings, graciously covered the holy man from the passing shower, by hovering over him all the way to his own dwelling.

The church dedicated to Saint Medard—famous for the miracles performed beneath its walls at the tomb of the Diacre Paris—possessed, before the great revolution, an altar elevated by the Company of Parasol and Umbrella Makers to this patron Saint. In the description of this church, given by Mercier, we are told that it was remarkable for the curious umbrella, in the form of a dome, by which the altar of Saint Medard was shaded; this being the *chef-d'œuvre* of a poor *compagnon* of the craft, and greatly admired—being so cunningly contrived and set on springs that, in an instant, it could be made large enough to cover the host and its six bearers, as the procession walked round the church, and then reduced to such small dimensions that, placed behind the altar, it just served to cover, by way of canopy, the image of the Saint, displaying a bunch of ostrich feathers at the top, which gave it a most charming and graceful appearance.

BEGGARS IN THE OLDEN TIME IN ENGLAND.—For an able-bodied man to be caught a third time begging was held a crime deserving death, and the sentence was intended, on fit occasions, to be executed. The poor man's advantages, which I have estimated at so high a rate, were not purchased without drawbacks. He might not change his master at his will, or wander from place to place. He might not keep his children at his home unless he could answer for their time. If out of employment, preferring to be idle, he might be demanded for work by any master of the "craft" to which he belonged and compelled to work whether he would or no. If caught begging once, being neither aged nor infirm, he was whipped at the cart's tail. If caught a second time, his ear was slit, or bored through with a hot iron. If caught a third time, being thereby proved to be of no use upon this earth, but to live upon it only to his own hurt and to that of others, he suffered death as a felon. So the law of England remained for sixty years. First drawn by Henry, it continued unrepealed through the reigns of Edward and of Mary, subsisting therefore, with the deliberate approval of both the great parties between whom the country was divided. Reconsidered under Elizabeth, the same law was again formally passed; and it was therefore the expressed conviction of the English nation, that it was better for a man not to live at all than to live a profitless and worthless life. The vagabond was a sore spot upon the commonwealth, to be healed by wholesome discipline if the gangrene was not incurable.—*Froude's History of England.*

INVENTIONS OF THE CHINESE.—It had been considered that the Chinese were not an inventive people—but this was a mistake. The art of printing was known in China nine hundred years before any knowledge of it prevailed in England. Printing was first introduced into Europe early in the 15th century. The Chinese printers were generally itinerants. They next discovered the magnetic needle; this took place in the traditionary period when the Yellow Emperor, having missed his way, a little carriage was built, on the top of which was a figure, which always pointed to the north, and thus the route was discovered. The effects of the loadstone were also mentioned in their dictionary. We were also probably indebted to the Chinese for the mariners' compass—for it had been long known to them before it was to us, and Marco Polo made a visit to China, and no doubt communicated it from them to his countrymen. Gunpowder was invented there many centuries before it was known in England—but was only used for fire-works; and, strange to say the component parts were nearly the same as the European mixture.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

BY ANNIE CHAMBERS BRADFORD.

They sleep. Athwart my white
Moon-marbled casement, with her solemn mien
Silently watching o'er their rest serene,
Gazeth the star-eyed Night.

My girl, sedate or wild
By turns,—as playful as a summer breeze,
Or grave as Night on star-lit Southern seas,—
Serene, strange woman-child.

My boy, my trembling star!
The whitest lamb in April's tenderest fold,
The bluest flower-bell in the shadiest wold,
His fitting emblems are.

They are but two, and all
My lonely heart's arithmetic is done
When these are counted. High and Holy One,
Oh, hear my trembling call!

I ask not wealth nor fame
For these my jewels! Diadem and wreath
Soothe not the aching brow that it robs beneath,
Nor cool its fever-flame.

I ask not length of life,
Nor earthly honors. Weary are the ways
The gifted tread, unsafe the world's best praise,
And keen its strife.

I ask not that to me
Thou spare them, though they dearer, dearer be
Than rain to deserts, spring downs to the bee,
Or sunshine to the sea.

But kneeling at their feet,
While smiles like summer-light on shaded streams
Are gleaming from their glad and sinless dreams,
I would my prayer repeat.

In that alluring land,
The Future—where, amid grass, stately bowers,
Ornate with proud and crimson-dashing flowers,
Pleasure, with smooth white hand,

Beckons the young away
From glen and hillside to her banquet fair,—
Sits, the grim she-wolf, coucheth in her lair,
Ready to seize her prey.

The bright and purpling bloom
Of Nightshade and Acanthus cannot hide
The charred and bleaching bones that are denied
Taper and shrine and tomb.

Lord, in this midnight hour
I bring my lambs to Thee. Oh! by Thy truth,
Thy mercy, save them from th' envenomed tooth
And tempting poison-flower!

Oh, Crucified and Crowned,
Keep us! We have no shield, no guide, but Thee!
Let sorrows come—let hope's last blossom be
By Grief's dark tempest drowned.

But lead us by Thy hand,
Oh, gentlest Shepherd, till we rest beside
The still, clear waters, in the pastures wide
Of Thine own sinless land!

Pictures of Life.

MY FRIEND'S CARRIAGE AND PAIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY HENRY G. LEE.

My friend Smith, like a great many others, was so unfortunate as to be unfortunate in business, and thus lose his independence in more than one sense. I had known him for a number of years before his failure in business, and, from a pretty close observation of his mode of doing things, had set him down as an honest man. But, when he went to the wall, I found that there were plenty to say bad things of him, and to allege, notwithstanding his assertion about having given up everything, that "he had taken good care to feather his own nest." A dozen stories, some of which I must own, rather staggered me at first, floated about from lip to lip; but, on reflection, I came back to my first opinion, and steadily persisted in declaring that I believed Smith to be an honest man.

It could not but be owned, that the evidences in favor of my friend's having taken care of himself, were not very marked. At the time of his misfortunes, he was living in very handsome style, but he gave up his fine house, sold off his elegant furniture, and retired with his family into a small house quite in the suburbs of the town.

Amid all his losses, troubles, and disappointments, Smith retained a larger share of equanimity than usually falls to the lot of persons circumstanced as he was; and even, at times, would so far forget himself as to indulge in a jest, or light pleasantry. Sometimes he was reminded of the impropriety of this, by a grave look from the eyes of a creditor, who was unable to see how any body who owed him could so far forget himself as to feel comfortable, or commit the impropriety of laughing.

Some of those to whom Smith was indebted, were for pursuing him to the utmost extremity, but others, more humanely disposed, made a diversion in his favor, and after what he had given up was sacrificed for half its value, and the proceeds divided, he was left to get along the best way he could.

A year or two passed, and Smith, who was a man of business, got a friend or two to help him, and launched his skiff on the troubled waters of trade, determined to follow the good advice given, we believe by Poor Richard, to little boats, and keep near the shore.

"Afloat, again," said a friend to him, a few months after he had opened a new store.

"Yes—but in a very small vessel," replied Smith.

"Have you obtained a release from your old creditors?" asked the friend.

"No. I thought about trying to do so—but, afterwards concluded that it would be the best for me to let what was at rest sleep, for fear that I might wake up some one who would prove to be a troublesome customer."

"You run a risk," remarked the friend.

"I know I do. But, in choosing evils, I have tried to choose the least."

"While I am afraid you have chose the greatest."

"Maybe I have, but it's too late to amend my ways now. If they will only let me alone for a few years, I will not be afraid of them."

Smith was in error, as subsequent events proved. His business, at first very small, through careful attention, began visibly to grow. About a year after he had started again in the world, I heard a newly whispered doubt of his integrity. He happened to be passing a store in which I was standing, and I remarked, as a person at my side uttered his name—

"I believe he is getting on comfortably again."

"He's comfortable enough, no doubt," was returned, in a tone that expressed more than the words.

I looked at the individual who had thus spoken for a moment, when he added,

"I believe Smith knows how to take care of himself."

"By industry and attention to business," said I.

"Yes; and by something more than that. Some rather queer stories are told of him."

"A great many queer things are said of men who owe more money than they are able to pay."

"But men who owe more money than they can pay, are hardly justified in keeping a carriage and span of horses."

"Who does?"

"Why Smith."

"Indeed! Are you sure?"

"I believe there is no doubt of it."

"There must be some mistake."

"He ought to know himself, and my informant had it from a third person who had it from his own lips. Pretty direct testimony, I should think."

"A carriage and span of horses!" said I, in unfeigned surprise. "If that is so, I'm afraid something is wrong. Can it be possible that Smith is a rogue?"

"It will be found so at last, I apprehend. For my part, he never looked to me like a man who felt much under the weather. See him when you would, he had a cheerful countenance, and ten chances to one, if he didn't amuse you with a jest, or excite your risibles by some witty saying. That is not the way of men who are really bowed down by adversity. No—no. Depend upon it, Smith managed to take good care of himself. His retiring to the suburbs was only a feint to conceal the real luxury in which he still meant to live."

"Really, I am taken all aback," I answered to this. "Carriage and horses! I wouldn't have believed such a thing. If that is the case, I rather think he might afford to return me the hundred dollars I loaned him before his misfortunes, and for which I never had the most distant thought of troubling him."

"I rather think he might pay me the balance of five hundred dollars, still my due," said the person with whom I was conversing, "and what is more, I think I will give him the opportunity of doing so before a very great while."

In a day or two I heard the same story repeated, with similar comments.

"I can't afford a carriage," said one man, to whom Smith was indebted.

"It's as much as I can do to buy boots to walk in," said another.

"To think of him driving down to his store every day in his own carriage!" remarked a third. "Well, this is a strange world!"

No very great while passed before, from talking, certain ones began to act, and Smith received two or three communications of this tenor,

"Mr. ——— has placed his account against you in my hands. Will you please call at my office, No. 60 ——— street, and arrange for its settlement, otherwise legal proceedings will be instituted."

In considerable alarm at this new and unexpected turn of affairs Smith called as requested, but could make nothing out of the gentlemen who had thus politely asked an interview. Their instructions were to proceed, unless an immediate settlement of the various accounts were made by the debtor.

"You will have to proceed then," said Smith, with a troubled countenance. "As to paying, that is out of the question. I can't do it."

"Very well," was the polite answer in each case, "our instructions are to prosecute, and we must do it."

Smith was in no humor for jesting when he went back to his store. I happened to drop in upon him, just at the time, intending, if a good opportunity offered, to give him a hint about my hundred dollars. But I went away without doing so; for his aspect was so troubled that I could not find it in my heart to say anything on the subject.

One of the parties who thus commenced summary proceedings against my friend was a merchant named Thorn. This man had, heretofore, treated Smith with great consideration. Through his influence harsh measures had been stayed at a time when several creditors were disposed to give him trouble. But he had heard about his debtor's carriage and horses, and felt indignant at having been, as he said, swindled out of his money in that style.

"I'll stand by an honest man to the end," he remarked to a person with whom he was conversing on the subject, "and push a rogue to the last extremity. Keep a carriage and horses at my expense! Oh, no! I never permit any one to do that."

As he said this Smith came in, and the person with whom the merchant was conversing retired. Thorn knit his brows, and looked coldly upon his debtor.

"I was very much surprised when this came to hand," said Smith, presenting, as he spoke, one of the attorney's letters he had received. "Was it sent by your authority, Mr. Thorn?"

The merchant bowed assent.

"I am not able to settle your claim now," said Smith. "You know I am not able, Mr. Thorn."

"Beg your pardon! I don't know any such thing."

"What do you mean?" inquired Smith, in an indignant tone, and with a flushed face.

"Just what I say!" replied the merchant rudely.

Hurt and insulted, Smith turned on his heel and left the man's store.

He had been in his own place of business for only a few minutes when a person came in and presented an account, showing a balance due by him of three hundred dollars.

"Heavens and earth!" he exclaimed, "why does Wheeler send this to me? He knows I cannot settle it."

"He says he wishes it paid immediately," was replied.

"That is impossible!"

"When will you settle it? Next week?"

"No. Nor next year. Perhaps never."

"I will say so." And the clerk of Wheeler retired.

Before the end of a week half a dozen writs were served upon Smith, who, in astonishment and distress, called together the few individuals who had loaned him money and trusted him for goods in order that he might get once more afloat. After announcing to them the fact that his affairs had assumed a new aspect, and that he was on the very verge of ruin, he proposed, in order to secure them, to confess judgment in their favor. This was approved, and the measure of safety at once adopted. It was then suggested, in order, if possible, to prevent the ruinous sacrifice which must take place, were everything seized and sold off by the sheriff, that a meeting be called of the old creditors who were distressing Smith, and that they be frankly told that there was no chance for them if they went on, while utter ruin to their debtor must follow a perseverance in the policy they had so strangely adopted. This suggestion met the views of all, and the prosecuting creditors were called together.

Learning what had occurred, I attended the meeting to see what course affairs would take. I could not but feel some pity for Smith, although my sense of justice was offended at his plain departure from what seemed to me the path in which an honest man should walk. The meeting took place in a room over the store occupied by Smith. When I arrived, I found about a dozen persons present, all looking as grave as if at a funeral. Smith sat apart, with a gloomy countenance, but a steady eye, that passed from face to face of the men who were assembled, yet without sinking beneath the gaze of any.

Soon after I came in, Mr. Thorn was requested to take the chair—which he did. After looking around for a moment he said,

"I do not know for what purpose we are invited here. Perhaps some one present can tell."

Those assembled, looked from one to another, and then upon Smith, whose steady eye met every glance without wavering. No one replying, after the lapse of a short time, he said,

"None here need to be informed that old claims against me have been suddenly revived, and legal proceedings commenced with the avowed purpose of pushing me to the last extremity. Why this should have been done, is more than I can tell. But having been done, honesty required me to protect those who kindly came forward and aided me with money and credit again to re-commence business; and I have done so. To-day I confessed judgment in favor of those men, thus giving their claims precedence over all others. All I have, in reality belongs to them, for it came from them; and it is but right that their own should be secured. It is not their wish to break me up; and I cannot conceive how it can be yours. If you proceed, I am again ruined, and you are no better off; but if you stop where you are, there is yet a chance for me. I will not say what I will do if ever able. Promises are easily made by men situated as I am. The purpose of this meeting is to let you know exactly the aspect of affairs, that what you do may be done understandingly."

I saw the brows of Thorn draw closer together as he looked Smith fixedly in the face. When the latter had done speaking, he said,

"There is no man living who would go farther to protect an honest debtor than I would; but when a man fails with his hands full, I show him no mercy."

"You don't mean that remark to apply to me?" said Smith, in a sharp, quick voice, while a blaze of indignation flashed from his eyes.

"I do," coldly replied Thorn.

"Then I fling back into your teeth the base insinuation, and dare you to the proof!"

I was electrified by the defiant tone and manner of the man, and so were nearly all present. Thorn remained cool, and replied in a firm voice—

"The man who fails in business, and retires upon nothing, doesn't generally keep his carriage and horses."

This was coming home with the matter, and I expected to see a flush of confusion pass over my friend's face. But no. His eye was as sharp and steady as before.

"Nor," pursued Thorn, "does he maintain, in the suburbs, out of the way of common observation, as luxurious a style of living as before."

"Certainly not," replied Smith. "If he have nothing, how is he to support all this?"

"Pertinently asked. But, perhaps you can answer the question better than any one present, as I understand you have made the experiments."

"Me?" There was unfeigned astonishment in the tone of Smith's voice, as well as in his manner. "Me?" he repeated. "Please to explain yourself."

"In a word, then," said Thorn, with emphasis, "you keep a carriage and horses—you maintain a luxurious style of living—and yet you failed, and pretended that you gave up everything."

"Well, that is news," responded Smith, in a voice that must have astonished every one that there was some mistake. "Pray, where did you learn all this?"

"I had a part of it, at least, from your own lips," said an individual, who had until now remained silent.

"From my lips?"

"Yes. You told me, yourself, that you kept a carriage and pair of horses, and rode down to your business every day."

Smith looked thoughtful for a moment. Then a sudden light broke over his countenance, and a hearty laugh broke from his lips. But he soon became grave, and said—

"As to my elegant style of living, gentlemen, I can only refer you to my landlord, who will tell you that I pay him but a hundred and fifty dollars per annum rent for my house; and if you will step to the windows, I will show you my carriage and pair."

Smith moved to the windows, and we all followed.

"There it goes," he said, pointing to an omnibus that was just passing, "and here," holding up as he spoke, one of *Kerr & Pickup's* season tickets, "is the evidence of my property in the handsome establishment."

The way certain of those present retreated down stairs, and that too without waiting for a motion for adjournment, is hard to describe. Smith was soon alone in his glory, and with a lighter heart than he had known for some days.

During the week that followed, Thorn and three or four others sent him their receipts in full of all demands. He is now going on in business safely and prosperously, and jests about his carriage and pair without any fear of consequences.

NEAPOLITAN VENGEANCE.

She wore a yellow gown, with flagrees!
I watch'd her swarthy cheek, that sudden flush'd,
And sudden, ghastly deaden'd, with the thrust
His rapier-wit sent through her, to the loss

Of her heart's blood. He strokes his beard, and twirls
His pourpoint's tassel, as he turns to speak
To a ripe beauty, with a Roman cheek,
And large white bosom, overlaid with pearls.

Seated beside him on the flow'ry green,
Who whispers in his ear some amorous stave,
And through gold rivets of whose hair he laves
His fingers, laughing at the other's spleen.

* * * * * * * * *

In the first gray of dawn, a figure stands,
And draws aside the damask of the bed—
Then to the fountain with a stealthy tread—
The fishes sicken'd where she wash'd her hands.

—*Poems by Hamilton Aide.*

A MEDIEVAL STATUE ONE THOUSAND YEARS OLD.—There stands on the old Market Place of Magdeburg the statue of Emperor Otto the Great, almost one thousand years old, beside which are the statues of his two wives. Remarkable for their antiquity, and as they have withstood even the destruction of the city in 1631, they are undergoing a thorough renovation.

☞ LIBERTY.—Liberty is to the collective body, what health is to every individual body. Without health, no pleasure can be tasted by any man; without liberty no happiness can be enjoyed by society.—*Bolingbroke.*

☞ We once heard of a dog who had a whistle which grew on the end of his tail. He always called himself when wanted.

IDA PFEIFFER.

THE HORSE AVALANCHE.

I tell the story as 'twas told!
If any marvels it unfold,
That in nature seems to be
Surpassing probability;
Place on them your own valuation,
But still give heed to the narration.

It was on the march to Victoria (I think the Colonel stated,) and before the orders came to reinforce Gen. Scott, that the very remarkable and astonishing circumstance occurred, which I am about to relate, and which I will endeavor to give as nearly as possible in his own words:

Our route lay immediately across an extensive prairie, along which our train of 600 wagons dragged its cumbrous length, like some monster serpent gorged with prey, winding lazily to its lair. Save the deceptions of the "mirage," which full often cheated our weary troops into the hope of dimpling and refreshing waters, soon to be reached, and the consequent disappointment, nothing occurred for some time to vary the monotony of the march. At length about midday or a little thereafter, a sound like muttering thunder, or rather like the low rumbling of an earthquake, drew all eyes toward the right, from whence in the far distance, was seen rapidly approaching a dark like line, as if of clouds. Faster and faster it came, until, to the astonishment and delight of all, with a rush that shook the very earth, 20,000 Mustangs sprang in full view.

"A mighty Piebald led the way,
Fit leader to that mass of life."

Bounding forward in front of the now motionless multitude, the wild chief of the Pampas, his stately head high lifted, slowly approached our cavalcade with an air of mingled wonder and suspicion.

After scanning it for some time, as though calculating our strength, with a wild and angry snort he wheeled and darted back to his troop. A scene of momentary confusion now ensued; but in a far shorter time than would have been required to marshal one-fourth the number of men, the whole mass was thrown into the form of a wedge, the leader forming the apex, and the other males of the troop the sides of the triangle, the feeble ones and the colts being thrown into the centre.

Before any one could form the most remote conjecture as to the cause of this singular movement, at a wild cry from their leader, the column was put in motion, and then

"As the wild winds come when forests are rended,
As the waves rush, when navies are stranded,"

full on the centre of our devoted line they broke like an avalanche. For some moments, from out the cloud of dust, came

"Mingled crash, and groan, and curse and yell,
As though within the realms of hell,
All hands had broken loose."

When the dusty canopy was lifted, sixty wagons, with teams and teamsters, strewed the road, mingled in with everything—horse, foot, and dragoons—that came within the sweep of that living besom of destruction, with here and there a crushed and mangled Mustang, struggling wildly to follow its fellows.

At a distance of some 130 or 200 yards, the drove stopped, just in the order it had passed through, with the exception of the mighty Piebald now brought up in the rear. After gazing a few seconds in apparent exultation a shrill neigh of defiance seemed to give the signal for retreat, and the whole swept away like a vision. No dream, however, ever yet realized the ruin which rioted around.

Except those who were with me, none, I am sure, ever saw such a sight, the like of which, while life lasts, I never expect to look upon again.

JOHN OF OXFORD.

NOTE.—The Colonel's recollection is remarkably vivid as regards all the circumstances, from the fact that he barely escaped, having been very nearly caught by one of the corners of the base of the *isocles triangle*. He was then a Captain of dragoons, escorting the train, and frequently speaks in terms of high admiration of that *brilliant manœuvre* of the Horse Chief of the Prairie.—*Spirit of the Times.*

HANDEL OUT OF TUNE.—This celebrated composer, though of a very robust and uncouth appearance, yet had such a remarkable irritability of nerves that he could not bear to hear the tuning of instruments, and therefore this was always done before Handel arrived. A musical wag, who knew how to extract some mirth from his irascibility of temper, stole into the orchestra on a night when the late Prince of Wales was to be present at the performance of a new oratorio, and *untuned* all the instruments some half a note, others a whole note lower than the organ. As soon as the Prince arrived, Handel gave the signal of beginning *con spirito;* but such was the horrible discord, that the enraged musician started up from his seat, and having overturned a *double-bass* which stood in his way, he seized a kettle-drum which he threw with such violence at the head of the leader of the band, that he lost his full-bottomed wig by the effort. Without waiting to replace it, he advanced bareheaded to the front of the orchestra, breathing vengeance, but so much choked with passion, that utterance was denied him. In this ridiculous attitude, he stood staring and stamping for some moments amidst a convulsion of laughter; nor could he be prevailed upon to resume his seat, till the Prince went personally to appease his wrath, which he with great difficulty accomplished.—*Political Magazine, 1786.*

IDA PFEIFFER, THE FEMALE TRAVELLER.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

If the consistent pursuit and ultimate accomplishment of a purpose entertained from an early period of life, and the courage and perseverance with which that purpose has been carried out, and the self-denial necessary to that end can excite feelings of admiration, truly the subject of this memoir, Madame Ida Pfeiffer, is fully entitled to them, and she may be regarded as one of the most remarkable women of the age. Madame Pfeiffer was born at Vienna in the year 1797. From her early infancy she displayed a determination of character that nothing was able to subdue, and which developed itself with her increasing years. One trait of her character will suffice to show her fixity of purpose. When Napoleon was residing at Schonbrunn, after his entry into Vienna, he was to hold a grand review of his troops, at which all the inhabitants of Vienna went, from a desire to see the greatest General of his time. Ida, who was then eleven years old, had learned from books and persons by whom she was surrounded to look upon him as a tyrant and an oppressor of her country, and she consequently entertained the most intense hatred towards him. She had refused to go when asked by her mother, but the latter not wishing to be deprived of the pleasure, took her daughter by force to the review. They obtained a good station, from whence they could see all that passed. At length the procession began to move, and as a body of officers were riding by, Ida, in order that her eyes might not be polluted with the sight of the man she so thoroughly detested, turned her back towards them. The Emperor was not, however, amongst them. Her mother, annoyed at her obstinacy, took her by the shoulders and turned her back again, but Ida determined not to look at him, resolutely closed her eyes, and kept them shut till the Emperor and all his retinue were passed.

She informs us, in the preface to her first work, of the intense desire for travel she experienced during her childhood, but which circumstances prevented her from indulging. In 1820 she married Dr. J. Pfeiffer, of Lemberg. By this union she had two sons, one of whom followed the musical profession, and studied under the great Mendelssohn; and the other became a merchant. On the death of her husband, the desires of her youth were renewed in all their vigor, and she thought that having fulfilled her duty to her family, in bringing them up and establishing them in life, she was not acting contrary to her duty in following the bent of her inclinations. She knew that dangers, difficulties, and even death, might befall her, but should any of these happen to her during her travels, she would thank God for the sweet hours she passed in beholding the wonders of His creation; and she begs her readers not to impute to her in her travels a desire for notoriety alone, nor to judge her by the common opinion that such a life is not befitting a woman.

When she had, by several years of strict economy, amassed a sufficient sum, she set off upon her first pilgrimage to Jerusalem and the Holy Land, "for," says she, "I always felt the most intense longing to tread the spot rendered so holy by the footsteps of our Redeemer." She returned safe, filled with delight at her success, and published her first work, entitled, "The Travels of a Vienna Lady to the Holy Land," a work of great interest, and bearing the impress of truthfulness in every line.

The experience Ida Pfeiffer gained—that, blessed with a robust constitution, limited means need not prevent her from undertaking still greater travels—made her form the resolution of visiting scenes of a totally different character; and, accordingly, we find her publishing her travels in the extreme north of Europe, Iceland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark. These interesting travels were published in Pesth, in 1846.

Ida Pfeiffer had seen the East, and the waters of the Geysers of Iceland had bubbled at her feet; she now entertained the project of making a voyage round the world. This she performed during the years 1846 to 1848. She quitted Vienna the 1st of May, 1846, and landed, after a stormy passage, at Rio de Janeiro, on the 18th September, of the same year. During her journey through Prague to Hamburg, she met with a travelling companion in a somewhat extraordinary manner. We give the circumstance in her own words: "While in Prague, I met with Count Berchtold, an old acquaintance; when he saw me, he cried, 'Where are you bound for now?' 'To Brazil, Count.' 'To Brazil? I have often wished to go there; I will go with you.' 'Have you been thinking of making this journey for any length of time?' 'Not long—only since I have been speaking with you.'" Madame Pfeiffer went to Hamburg, where the Count joined her; he hastily concluded the business that brought him there, and they set sail together a few days after their arrival. After travelling through the Brazils, Ida went round Cape Horn, travelled through Chili, visited Otaheite, set sail for China, and then went to India.—Thence she went up the Tigris, to visit the interesting ruins of Babylon and Nineveh, then wandered through Khoordistan and Persia, passed the Caucasus, and travelled through the south of Russia, thence to Constantinople, and through Greece home. When we remember the dangerous regions she traversed, we are astonished at the intrepidity of a woman travelling alone, amidst the most savage tribes on the face of the earth, passing from country to country, and from tribe to tribe, braving dangers, fatigue, hunger, and thirst; and it is indeed impossible to withhold our admiration from the lady who could undergo all these trials and hardships, and display a courage that very few of the opposite sex can boast of. We can paint to our imagination the mild, defenceless, unassuming woman, patiently and hopefully wending her way through savage hordes—amongst Chinese, Malays, Hindoos; amongst Persians, Arabs, Khoords, Turcomans, Bedouins, and Turks, unharmed—taking shelter beneath the lowly tents of the women, partaking of their humble fare, making trifling presents to the children, busying herself in their household affairs, teaching them many little useful arts. The wild men allowed the harmless woman to go in and out amongst them from tribe to tribe, from tent to tent, with her staff in her hand, free from injury and insult—her very helplessness being her best protection, and her right to partake of their simple hospitality. She tells us how she heard, in a distant land, of the disturbances that were taking place in Vienna, and of the anxiety they gave rise to within her, in a far-off land, separated from all she held dear on earth; how tardily the hours dragged on with her, and how slowly the ship seemed to sail which was bearing her back to her native land. When she arrived, she happily had no loss to mourn, and in the joy of meeting with her family, all the cares and anguish she felt in their absence were forgotten. Her love of travel was not yet quenched, for scarcely had she given to the world an account of these travels, than she planned out another; and, on the 22nd May, 1851, she arrived in London, and took her passage on board a vessel that was starting that very day, and on the 11th of August reached the Cape of Good Hope. She was obliged to relinquish her intended journey into the interior on account of the expense, and, therefore, took ship again for Singapore, in order to visit the islands of the Indian Archipelago; after this she went to Sarawak, in Borneo, thence through the dangerous country of the Dayaks to the Dutch possessions in the interior and on the west of the island. This may be considered the most interesting of all her travels, if we look at the people among whom she passed, and who are almost unknown to Europeans, except as pirates.

After visiting the Moluccas, she purposed going to Australia, but her means would not permit. She therefore sailed to California, "the cursed land of gold," as our traveller severely terms it. "Of all countries that I have travelled through, says Madame Pfeiffer, "of all the dissolute, immoral places that I ever beheld or heard of, whether in barbarous or civilized lands, the gaming-houses in California are the worst. I went into one, in company of a friend. The doors stood open; every inducement was held out to enter; splendor in every shape, temptation in its most subtile and powerful form were there. Everything united to allure the soul and body to destruction—magnificent hangings; carpets, splendid paintings, the subjects, however, of such a disgusting character that I was obliged to put up my hand to save my eyes from their pollution.—Wine and luxuries of every description were free to everybody. Everything was arranged with such devilish art as to lead poor mortals into the arms of sin and death—yet everything in such exquisite taste, and so beautiful to the eye—that its influence steals into the soul like the deadly poison of the upas tree. It is surprising that, with passions aroused, and the brain heated with drink, allured by beautiful women, who are seated at the table and watch the game whilst the heaps of gold lie piled up before him, that the poor victim hurries to the gaming-table to seek fresh excitement, and a new phase of pleasure?"

Our space warns us that we must draw our remarks to a close; but, before doing so, we may observe, that Ida Pfeiffer has travelled more than any of the celebrated men of the middle ages, or indeed of the present, for she has not only visited the Continent of Europe, Africa, and Asia, but America and the Polynesia; she has traversed over 130,000 miles by water, and 18,000 by land.

In appearance, she is slight, and rather under the middle size; her complexion is somewhat darkened by exposure to weather and the heat of the climates in which she has travelled. The portrait accompanying this notice is considered a faithful likeness. She enjoys most excellent health, and possesses, according to her own description, "nerves and sinews of steel."

We cannot better conclude our remarks upon this lady, than by quoting the impression made by her upon one of our countrymen who met her at Vienna, and who afterwards was in a company in which she was the subject of conversation: "Madame Pfeiffer," he remarked, "is, by most people who have seen her, considered plain. I cannot understand how any one, who has seen her while conversing, can say so. Her smile is particularly sweet and captivating. Her soul beams from her eyes, and I can compare her smile to nothing less than the sunbeams darting from behind a cloud. She is very unassuming in her manners; animated and easy in her conversation. She spoke of her travels in an unaffected style, and her thoughts flew in a moment from one part of the world to the opposite, whenever she related a story and wished to draw a contrast between different people. She has been where no white man has ever dared to venture—amidst cannibals in both hemispheres—and I laid three of my fingers in a scar on the upper part of her left arm, inflicted by a cannibal of Patagonia."

DEVELOPMENT OF RACES OF ANIMALS.—Oken and the author of the "Vestiges of Creation," have endeavored to prove that the different races of animals now existing are developments, not separate creations, and that life on our earth commenced in a very imperfect condition, and through myriads of ages gradually improved—developed—into its present diversified expanded perfections. Hugh Miller completely exploded this theory, so far as it is related to *all* life commencing at a *point*, and developing upwards; still he admits, in his "Footsteps of the Creator," that successive creations of races exhibit improvements, or rather developments, and so does Agassiz, and thus they grant half the argument, at least, to those who believe in the gradual development of life from a mite up to a man. In reference to such disputations among naturalists, Dr. Doubeny, of England, distinguished for his scientific attainments, says, in his Presidential Address before the late meeting of the British Scientific Association—

"Among the principles recently regarded as axioms in geology, none seemed so likely to be disputed as this: That the classes of animals and vegetables which possessed the most complicated structure were preceded by others of a more simple one; and that when we traced back the succession of beings to the lowest and the earliest of the sedimentary formations, we arrived at length at a class of rocks, the deposition of which must be inferred, from the almost entire absence of organic remains, to have followed soon after the first dawn of creation. But the recognition of the footsteps and remains of reptiles in beds of an earlier date than was before assigned to them, tended to corroborate the inferences which had been previously deduced from the discovery, in a few rare instances, in rocks of the secondary age, of mammalian remains, and this has induced certain eminent geologists boldly to dispute whether from the earliest to the latest period of the earth's history any gradation of beings can in reality be detected."

FAIRIES.—It may interest some to know, that the July number of the Spiritual Herald contains an account of the fairy-seeing of an educated lady of our own time, not less remarkable than that recently mentioned in Notes and Queries, of an untaught Cornish girl of two hundred years ago. I transcribe a few lines relating the commencement of this fairy-seeing, and also a curious mention of Shakspeare:—"I used to spend a great deal of my time alone in our garden, and I think it must have been soon after my brother's death that I first saw (or perhaps recollect seeing) *fairies*. I happened one day to break (with a little whip I had) the flower of a butter-cup; a little while after, as I was reading on the grass, I heard a tiny, but most beautiful voice, saying, 'Buttercup, who has broken your house?' Then another voice replied: 'That little girl that is lying close by you.' I listened in great wonder, and looked about me, until I saw a daisy, in which stood a figure not larger, certainly, than one of its petals. When I was between three and four years old, we removed to London, and I pined sadly for my country home and my fairy friends. I saw none of them for a long time; I think because I was discontented; I did not try to make myself happy. At last I found a copy of Shakspeare in my father's study, which delighted me so much (though I don't suppose I understood much of it,) that I soon forgot we were living where I could not see a tree or a flower. I used to take the book, and my little chair, and sit in a paved yard we had (I could see the sky there.) One day, as I was reading the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' I happened to look up, and saw before me a patch of soft, green grass, with the fairy ring upon it; whilst I was wondering how it came, my old friends appeared, and acted the whole play (I suppose to amuse me). After this, they often came, and did the same with some of the other plays.—*Notes and Queries.*

THE NORMANS.—The Normans came out of France into England worse men than when they went into it, one hundred and sixty years before. They had lost their own language, and learned the Romance or barbarous Latin of the Gauls; and had acquired, with the language, all the vices it had names for.—The Conquest has obtained in the Chronicles the name of the "Memory of Sorrow." Twenty thousand thieves landed at Hastings. These founders of the House of Lords were greedy and ferocious dragoons, sons of greedy and ferocious pirates. They were all alike, they took everything they could carry, they burned, harried, violated, tortured and killed, until everything English was brought to the verge of ruin. Such, however, is the illusion of antiquity and wealth, that decent and dignified men now existing boast their descent from these filthy thieves, who showed a far juster conviction of their own merits, by assuming for their types the swine, goat, jackal, leopard, wolf and snake, which they severally resembled.—*Emerson.*

HEROISM OF A MOTHER.

The greatest heroism displayed on the occasion, of which we have any knowledge, (the wreck of the Niagara, on Lake Michigan,) was shown by a mother in her efforts to save the lives of her eight children, the eldest of whom was only fourteen, and the youngest one year old. She was picked up by the Traveller insensible, and nearly perished, but was restored by great exertions, and brought to this city. She did not know last evening whether or not any of her children were saved, but heard that three were taken ashore in the only boat that pulled off from the burning steamer. Mrs. Cnalmers says that when the fire broke out she was outside the steerage cabin on the main deck, with her husband and children. She saw the stern boat lowered, and observing in it a woman whom she knew, she thought, if the boat reached the shore, and she herself did not, that woman would be like a mother to her children, so she commenced throwing her smaller children into it, intending to keep the baby by her, because she could easier support it in the water than the others. She had thrown two into the boat when it shoved off. She had one in her hands to throw, but it was too late to throw so large a one to the boat; accordingly she seized the baby, supposing she had strength to throw it to the retreating boat. She had not, however; the baby fell into the water, a foot from the boat; she screamed to the woman in the boat to save it, and had the satisfaction of seeing her reach out grasp it, and draw it into the boat.

She then directed her efforts to the five children about her. She pushed the oldest boy of twelve years into the water, with directions to swim after the small boat and cling to it if they would not take him in. She thinks he did actually reach it, but cannot be certain. She then put her oldest child, a girl of fourteen into the water, in hopes she could cling to something. She has heard since arriving here that a girl of that age was rescued, and thinks maybe it was this one. She then had three small children remaining. Her husband got into the water, and she passed them down to him, and he placed them on one of the capsized boats floating near. She then got down by a rope. On reaching the water she found the waves had washed two of the children off the small boat. She managed to catch them both with one arm, and hold them up, still clinging to the rope with the other hand, and maintaining her hold in the midst of all the desperate struggles around her. At last the rope burned off above, and she sank down, down, down, with others who had been clinging to the same rope. When she came up again, she had lost one child. She managed to throw her disengaged arm over a stick and hang on to it with the child in the other.

She then looked for the child she had lost, but although many heads were around her, and some of them children's heads, they were all so begrimmed with the oil, and ashes and soot on the surface of the water, that she could not distinguish their features, and they sunk one after another, without her being able to recognize her own. She then directed all her efforts to save the one in her arms, and she feels confident one could have done so, but some man—she thinks he was an old man—pulled her arm off from the stick which supported her. She regained her hold, and her hand was again pulled off and herself pushed away by the man. Then she sunk down, down, down again. She struggled to rise, and finally did rise, but the last child was gone, though she thought, until she reached the surface and saw to the contrary, that she had it still in her arms.

She was then alone on the water without support. She had floated some distance away from the steamer, but she saw her husband upon the capsized boat, holding one of the children. That sight inspired her with fresh courage. Alas! she knew not at that moment that the little one he held in his arms was already lifeless, but it was even so. At that instant a plank struck her breast; she threw her arms around it and tried to reach her husband, but could not propel herself in the water. She felt her strength now rapidly failing. She was entirely alone, she saw the schooner and the Traveller, but saw also that they were far, far away; she knew she could not hold on to her buoy until they came up, but she remembered having heard that persons in drowning always shut their teeth firm. She therefore seized her dress at the bottom in front, brought it up around the plank and put it between her teeth, so that it held the plank fast across her breast. She found it would support her thus, and settled calmly back to await the result. She remembered nothing more. She was picked up by the Traveller, and when she was restored to consciousness, had the happiness of finding her husband at her side. But her children, where were they?

Novel Mode of Theft.—A woman was tried by the Tribunal of Police at Paris recently for robbery. Her system of theft was a novel one, and has lately been employed by herself and others with considerable success. In the case for which she was tried, it however, by a singular chance, failed. One day she stationed herself in the Faubourg Poissonniere until she saw one of the occupiers, whom, from his dress, she supposed to be in good circumstances, leave one of the houses. She then went to the concierge, and said, "Madame—Madame—oh! I have such a bad memory, that I can never recollect names—the wife of the gentleman just gone out." "Ah! Madame Papion?" "Yes, that's the name. Is she at home?" "Yes." "She lives on the third—fourth—or what story is it? I have been there scores of times, and yet I never can remember." "The fourth," said the porter. Up to the fourth story went the woman, and when Madame Papion appeared, she cried out, apparently in great agitation, "Oh! your friend, Madame—I can't recollect the name, my memory is so bad—who lives in the Rue—Rue—near the Faubourg Montmartre, you know!" "Rue Cadet!" "That's it." "Madame Soumis?" "That's the name. Well, she has just been struck with apoplexy, and her friends have sent me to beg that you will instantly go to see her!" "Good Heavens!" cried Madame Papion, "poor dear Madame Soumis! Certainly, I will go." And introducing the woman into her sitting-room, she went to her chamber to put on her bonnet and shawl. As she was so engaged, the bell was rung, and on going to the door, Madame Papion was astonished to find Madame Soumis standing before her in excellent health. She saw at once that the woman in the sitting-room must be a thief, and with great presence of mind she told Madame Soumis what had taken place, and begged her to go for the police. She then entered the room where she had left the stranger, and perceived that a gold watch and some rings which she had left on the chimney-piece had disappeared. She, however, said nothing about them, but whilst pretending to be arranging her dress, talked to the woman about poor Madame Soumis. Presently Madame Soumis returned with two officers, and the woman, who seemed astonished at their appearance, allowed herself to be quietly searched, and the watch and rings were found on her. She was brought to trial on Saturday, and the Tribunal sentenced her to three years' imprisonment.

The United States of America Foretold in the Bible.—This was the subject of a lecture, delivered by Mr. Pitts, in the Tabernacle, New York, recently. The lecture demonstrated that the rise of a great nationality was promised in an age of intelligence, energy and locomotion, and argued that this was not literally the restoration of the Jews, but the prophecy was realized in the political and religious organization of the United States. That this country arose when and where it was promised, at the end of 1,290 prophetic days from the destruction of Jerusalem, which period terminated on the 4th of July, 1776. He said that the land pictured in the prophecy of Daniel, was to be inhabited by a people gathered out of all nations; that it was to be located between two seas—the Eastern and Western—that its cities and villages should have neither walls nor gates, nor bars, and that it was to be first visited by the ships of Spain; that emigration should come for the freedom of worshiping God, and that it was to be a Republic, and that this Republic should be an epoch in the history of humanity, to learning, agriculture, commerce, and trade; that the United States was the stone kingdom promised by Daniel—the man child born of the Virgin Woman of the Wilderness—the land shadowing with wings. In fact, that this great country and Government was a child of Providence, and was nurtured and raised up as the model Government of the world, to which the empires of the earth would finally conform. But before Republicanism became world-wide, the great battle of civil and religious liberty on one side, and ecclesiastical despotism on the other, would come off on the field of Armageddon. True or false, the speaker evidently placed his arguments clearly and logically before an appreciating audience.—*New York paper.*

The Theological Students and Col. Fremont.—A large majority of the students of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, paid a visit to Col. Fremont at his residence on Oct. 2nd. After the usual preliminary interchange of courtesies, one of their number delivered an address congratulating the Colonel upon the honorable position he occupied before the country, and connecting the principles which he represented with those of religion and the word of God. The students set forth that they represented five different denominations, and no fewer than fifteen States of the Union. Col. Fremont briefly replied, thanking the students for their visit, a visit which he all the more highly prized, because he said his visitors were not politicians, but seemed to a holy calling. On the conclusion of his remarks, the Colonel shook hands with the students, individually, who thereupon marched back to the college in procession.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 202—Adults 88 and children 114.

POLITICAL NEWS.

Election.—The following is the Act of Congress upon this subject. Electors will be chosen by the people in every State of the Union except South Carolina, where they will be chosen by the Legislature:—

The electors of President and Vice President shall be appointed in each State on the Tuesday next after the first Monday in the month of November in the year in which they are to on appointed: Provided that each State may by law provide for the filling of any vacancy or vacancies which may occur in its college of electors when such college meets to give its electoral vote: And provided, also, when any State shall have held an election for the purpose of choosing electors and shall fail to make choice on the day aforesaid, then the electors may be appointed on a subsequent day in such manner as the State shall by law provide. Passed January 23, 1845.

Texas.—The joint resolution passed by the Senate of Texas, requesting the Governor to convene the Legislature in extra session, in the event of the election of Col. Fremont to the Presidency, was not acted on in the House.

Kentucky.—Louisville, Sept. 29.—There were two political meetings called last night, one at the East Hall, to be addressed by Thomas L. Jones, the American Elector, and the other at the West Hall of the Court-house, for Cassius M. Clay, the Fremont Elector. Mr. Clay commenced his address by drawing a comparison between Kentucky and Ohio, as affected by slavery, when cries of "Move him," "hurrah for Fillmore," entirely drowned his voice. Mr. Clay said he was not aware that the Fillmore meeting had been called the same night, and was responded to by cries of "that makes no difference." Mr. Clay then several times during the next half hour, attempted to proceed, but was as often prevented by outcries, while a free fight was going on on the floor. The City Marshal vainly endeavored to appease the crowd. Finally, Mr. Clay said, "I will go to the East Hall and hear Col. Jones, and afterwards make my remarks there." He then retired to the East Hall. Col. Jones closed his speech at half-past ten, and then asked the few remaining to listen to Mr. Clay. Mr. Clay then spoke for nearly an hour, being frequently interrupted.

The Journal (American) says the Democrats made the disturbance and hurrahed for Fillmore. The Times and the Democrat (Democratic) says the Democrats took no part in the disturbance. The latter says it was confined principally to boys. The Courier (Whig) says the scene was worthy of pandemonium, and that the large gang of thoughtless boys and indiscreet men who attempted to abridge the liberty of speech deserve the severest reprehension.

Scene on Board the Wrecked Steamer Florida.—The steamer Florida was wrecked in St. Joseph's Bay during the late severe gale at the South. A lady who was on board, in a letter to her sister, describes the scenes on board during the time the vessel was subjected to the fury of the storm. There were forty passengers on board. The upper cabin had been swept away, and all hands were clinging to ropes to steady themselves and prevent the waters from washing them overboard.

"I was just about to despair, when I saw a gentleman with whom I was unacquainted, but there was something in his face and chivalrous bearing that gave me confidence in him. I applied to him, and begged he would try and save my little Pattie. He said, "Madam, I give you my word of honor that I will do all that I can to save yourself and little girl. My health is very bad, but I will do all in my power." The ship was now so much on her side that it was impossible to stand without holding on to something. The whole side of the cabin in which I was gave way. The angry waves lashed in and I came near being washed off. My dear and noble friend, (his name is Col. Winchester, of Virginia,) still held my little girl, and sought to give me all the encouragement he could. But one hope was now left us. It was to get into the state-room that still remained. We succeeded in reaching it. There was in this room, besides myself, children and servant, Col. Winchester, and a Swedish woman.—I put my two children in the berth, and it was all I could do to hold them in, the ship was so much on her side. The Colonel stayed by me some time, and told me what I must do, and urged me not to hold too tight—I would not be able to hold on long if I did—that I must tighten my grasp before, and relax it after each wave would come. In the midst of all my danger, I heard a man cry out, "Take this child, or I will throw it overboard—I can't save myself, much less it!" Oh, sister, can you imagine my feelings? The thought of that speech makes me shudder as I write. The Colonel risked his life again by letting go of the rope, and went after the man who held Pattie. The Colonel told him, "he would cut his throat if he threw the child over." That was all I heard. I shut my eyes, and did not open them all night. I thought both my little darlings were thrown overboard. Now, the Col. could not get back to me—the water would have washed him off had he attempted it. There I was left, hanging on to the side of the ship, with no one by me but my servant. Oh! it is impossible for me to describe the terrors of that night. There I clung to the rope, thinking every one was drowned, and that every wave would sweep me away. Then a large piece of timber struck me several times, and stunned me so that I forgot where I was, and I let go my hold, but fortunately caught hold of the rope again before the next wave struck me.

When daylight came, all that was left of the ship was a part of the larboard wheel-house, the rest having been all washed to pieces. All the main deck, as far as the engine room, was gone, with all the cabins, and part of the after deck. It was found that the wreck was then lying at the edge of the weeds, the island being all overflowed. At 9 A. M., the water commenced to fall, and the wind to die away. In one hour from that time the island was dry, and on walking off the wreck we found the weeds strewed with portions of the vessel and cargo. Most of the trees on the island had been either broken or torn up by the roots."

The vessel was driven ashore, and the lady and her child were saved, with the rest of the passengers.

The Danger of Flirting with a Lady of the Harem.—In a letter from the Turkish capital, of the 31st ult., the Univers gives us the following picture of the manners of the fair sex in Turkey:—

"The Turkish ladies in general, and those of the Imperial harem in particular, have resolved to participate in the blessings of liberty awarded to the rougher sex by the *Tanzimat*. They have of late adopted a most transparent kind of *yakmak* (veil,) and make an offer of their hearts to any young fellow who may happen to cross their path, whatever be his nation or creed. You may hear them arranging an interview from their *talikas*, (the carriages of the country,) with the greatest freedom. This has led to some tragical scenes. The second *ikbale* (this is the name given to the favorites who succeed to the *cadinas*, when death causes some vacancy in the ranks,) had fallen violently in love with a young American merchant, whose shop she consequently frequented with great assiduity, purchasing quantities of goods from him at exorbitant prices. Her advances were, probably, listened to with a willing ear; for Emir Aga, the chief of the Imperial Harem, having discovered that she had recently give him a ring worth 150,000 piastres, ordered one of the *baltadjis*, (axe-bearers) of the palace, to murder the young man. Accordingly, one night the latter was suddenly attacked in the streets by the officer of the seraglio above named, and received a stab in the left side. He had strength enough, however, to draw the murderous weapon from the wound, and to inflict several stabs upon the murderer, whom, in his fall, he had forcibly drawn to the ground. The blows were ill aimed, and the wounds consequently slight; in dealing them he had struck the ground with such force as to bend the point of the weapon. He was taken home, and lived four days, during which the favorite constantly sent to ascertain how he was proceeding, and whether he could give a description of his assassin. The sister of the victim has applied for redress to the representatives of France, England and Russia, who have officially requested Fuad Pacha to explain how such a crime could have been committed upon a Christian by an officer of the seraglio. The other day a young Greek, who also had an intrigue with one of the ladies of the seraglio, was shot down in the streets, and twelve other persons in a similar predicament have shut themselves up in their houses, being afraid of meeting with a similar fate if they stir out."

Floss Silk In Bank Notes.—Mr. Ulysses B. Vidal, of Philadelphia, proposes the following simple and ingenious method of manufacturing bank notes, to prevent them from being altered from lower to higher denominations by any of the usual modes of counterfeiting. Fine floss silk is to be woven into open patterns, delineating the various denomination of the bills. A single pattern for each bill is then pressed into the paper during the process of the manufacture. This plan of making bills, we believe, would insure against counterfeiting. The lines of the floss silk must extend invariably across each bill.

The French Language.—The French Academy alone has the power of changing and amending the French language. Ten years ago this body was charged by Government to commence a complete and thorough revision of the dictionary. The labor was commenced, and has progressed to the middle of the letter B. A spiritless discussion has been going on for some weeks on the word "Boulevard," which they have at length decided shall be no longer spelt with a final d. The *t* prevailed. M. Eugene Scribe contended that the word should be spelt without *t* or *d*, thus—*Boulevar.*

A Clever Trick.—The literary world have been amused, and the Faubourg St. Germain—where starched legitimacy still holds her ancient solitary reign—gratified to the superlative degree, by a trick played off by one of our banished poets, aided by "a friend at Court." According to accounts, it might be Victor Hugo, from the unique talent and unapproachable bitterness of the satire. The story runs thus:—By a late order, all new plays are to be submitted to the examination of the Government before they are read by the Examining Committee at the Francais. To the Minister, Mons. ———, who is known to be particularly fond of playing the manager, and who finds relief from the toils of government in pretending to direct the theatres, this privilege is specially dear; and the advent of a tragedy or comedy of distinguished merit (a case which occurs but too seldom,) affords occasion for a literary *soiree* of the most *recherche* description, to which all the celebrities of the State of the highest class are invited. A MS. bearing the most innocent of titles—a comedy—was presented by a very influential personage, accompanied by praises of the warmest description. The piece was accepted without more than a cursory glance, and ordered for a grand reading. The company, including some of the highest personages of the empire—ministers, ambassadors, and official functionaries—were all assembled, and the *lecture* commenced. For the first few scenes all went smooth enough; but, as the play proceeded, it was found to be simply a parody on Moliere's *Tartuffe*, filled with personalities and irony of the most ferocious description against the Court, the Government, and particularly the ministers, the character of each of the latter being drawn with a frightful fidelity, which spared nothing, and rendered it quite impossible to mistake the individual described. Epigrams, pointed with the wickedest spite against *parvenu* millionaires, political turncoats, and official speculators in the funds, were scattered round on all sides; and all this was done with so much wit and humor, that half of the assembly were in fits of uncontrollable laughter, while the other half were pale with anger and amazement at the audacity of the attack. The reader—one of the leading dramatic *artistes*—is known for a thorough republican, and hence not a point in the satire was allowed to pass without its effect. At the end of the second act, however, the reading was brought to a violent end, having created a greater sensation than any play since that acted at the Court of Denmark in the days of Prince Hamlet. Whether some of the sharpest passages were not interpolated (Shakspeare makes Hamlet commit a little literary forgery of this kind,) remains matter of doubt. All that is known is, that a mystification has been successfully played off, to the great delight of everybody, save the victims of the hoax.—*Paris Correspondent of the London Critic.*

Economy of Fuel in Manufacturing Iron.—No less than two tons of coal and about half a ton of limestone are used in making a ton of pig iron.—The manufacture of 500,000 tons of pig iron requires no less than the enormous quantity of 1,000,000 tons of coal and 250,000 tons of lime. If the amount of coal thus required at present could be reduced to one-half by some new improvement, a clean saving of at least $3,000,000 would be the result to the country. It is believed by many metallurgists that such a saving will yet be effected. Who is the lucky man that will make the improvement?—*Scientific American.*

Origin of the Feejee Mermaid.—Fischer tells us a story of the ingenuity of a Japanese fisherman, of which, perhaps, the specimen may now be found among ourselves. The Japanese, like many other people of lively temperaments, have a passion for things that are strange and odd, and rather prefer sometimes to be gulled. This fisherman, availing himself of this passion, contrived to unite the upper half of a monkey to the lower half of a fish, so neatly as to defy ordinary inspection. He then announced that he had caught a strange animal alive in his net, but that the creature had soon died when taken out of the water, and invited his countrymen to come, and, for a consideration, to see the curiosity. After he had put money in his purse to some considerable extent by this bold reliance on human credulity, he improved on the original story, and said that during the few moments of its life the strange creature had spoken to him, (whether in the language of Japan or in that of the Feejee islands, he did not say,) and had predicted a certain number of years of great fertility; to be followed or accompanied by a most fatal epidemic; and that against this last the only remedy would be the possession of a likeness of the marine nondescript, half human, half fish.

Pictures of the mermaid were forthwith in demand, and the sale was immense. Presently, as the affair had well nigh had its run in Japan, this mermaid, or one made like it, was sold to the Dutch factory at Demiza, and was sent off in the next ship to Batavia. Here one of our speculating brethren contrived to get it, and forthwith repaired to Europe, where he very successfully played the part of proprietor and showman of a veritable mermaid, during the years 1822, 1823, thus settling a disputed question in natural history, and filling his pockets at the same time. We are inclined to think that this is the identical mermaid which graces the collection at the New York Museum; if it be not, then our Japan fisherman furnished the parent (so ingeniously made as to elude detection,) from which was born the Feejee prodigy.—*American Expedition to Japan.*

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

AT ALLERTON'S.—The supply of Beef Cattle for the past week nearly doubles that of the previous, and the average quality much better. The demand is moderate for common cattle at rather easier prices, but for extra the inquiry is rather brisk, and sales were made quite equal to last week's figures. The average price will not exceed 9½c. Mr. Arnault sold the finest lot of beeves that were in market. They realized $11 @ 10 lb, which was the highest price realized. They were from Genesee, New York, and were part of the same lot for the same prize two weeks ago. We noticed a lot of 42 he d from Texas, which were a good specimen of their breed, and sold for about 9c @ lb. The total number on sale was 3679 head, and for the week 24,279, being the largest supply of the season. Ohio has the largest number, and the other Western States were fairly represented.

Other kinds of stock were plenty, and without noticeable change, either in demand or prices. Swine sell for $6.2½, and 6,50 per gross.

The following were the sales of the week:

4249 Beef Cattle	$3 a 9½
20 Cows and Calves	25 a 27
32 Veal Calves	6 a 7½
163 Sheep and Lambs	2 a 6
1 "	6½ 6½

The following table shows from what part of the country and by what conveyance the supplies came:

Beef Cattle.	Head.
From Ohio	13 9
Illinois	803
Indiana	629
New York State	956
Kentucky	564
Texas	47
New Jersey	6
Virginia	99
By the Hudson River Boats, Beeves	1651
do Swine	238
By the Harlem Railroad, Beeves	511
" " Cows and Calves	20
" " Sheep and Lambs	1631
" " Veal Calves	157
By the Hudson River Railroad, Beeves	745
" " Swine	526
By the Erie Railroad, " Beeves	1795
" " Swine	950

PRICES—Beef Cattle, extra quality @ 100 lbs., $11 a 0,00; do. good quality, $9@10; do common, $8,50@9; do inferior, $7@8. Cows and Calves, extra, $60@70; do good, $40@50; do common, $24@35; inferior $15@30.

AT BROWNING'S.—For Beef Cattle, Cows and Calves, and Veal Calves, the market is unchanged. The demand for Sheep and Lambs has fallen off very perceptibly during the week, notwithstanding the receipts are much lighter, and the quality fully as good. There are several reasons for this, and not the least is the fact that an unusually large number of carcasses are being daily brought down from Albany, where they are slaughtered at comparatively less expense, and the freight down the river is less, while they can be packed much closer than live Sheep. Another reason for the inactivity of the market during the past week, is that few good Sheep arrived during the big part of last week, and large numbers arrived, which caused a falling off in the demand as well as in prices. There was a fine lot from Canada, and another from Kentucky, which were estimated to weigh 100 lbs dressed. The supplies came chiefly from this State and Ohio. The sales for the week were as follows:

674 Beef Cattle	@7 a 9½
81 Cows and Calves	40 a 65
85 Veal Calves	5½ a 7
5,545 Sheep and Lambs	2 a 6

AT CHAMBERLAIN'S.—The market was fairly supplied with all kinds of stock, and a pretty good demand prevailed at about last week's prices. Sales as follows:—

261 Beef Cattle,	@7,50@10,00
103 Cows and Calves,	25,00@50,00
142 Veal Calves,	3@7c
5201 Sheep and Lambs,	2 5@5,50

At Chamberlain's.—A fair demand prevailed at this market, and all the stock, except Cows, which were dull, was disposed of at an early hour. The following are the sales:—

116 Beeves,	@3,50@10,00
60 Cows and Calves,	25,00@50,00
30 Veal Calves,	6@7c

RECAPITULATION.

	Beeves	Cows and Calves.	Veal Calves.	Sheep and Lambs.
Allerton's	4249	20	327	1 3
Browning's	674	81	85	5545
Chamberlain's	261	103	142	5201
O'Brien's	110	60	30	—
Total	5054	260	582	12,819

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

At market 26 5 Cattle—Beeves 2100, Stores 515, Sheep and Lambs 4?2?, and Swine 310?.

Prices—Market Beef, extra, $6,50; first quality $6,25; second quality $6; third quality $7,75.

Barreling Cattle—None.

Working Oxen—$100, 110, 120 and 140.

Milch Cows—$25, 35 and 44.

Veal Calves—$5@5,50.

Yearlings—$ each.

Two years old $ 2@30.

Three years old $ 2@35.

Hides—8c @ lb. Calf Skins 12½ 14c @ lb.

Tallow 10@ c @ lb. Rough Tallow @ lb.

Sheep and Lambs—Extra, $3@4; in lots, $2. 2,50, 3d @ head.

Pelts—40@50c.

Swine—Wholesale, sales. Retail sales. Fat Hogs, undressed, still fed 6½, corn fed 7½c.

Remarks—Beef, a good supply at market, but not of the best quality; as a general thing cattle are small; sales four. Hogs dull and low, many will be kept over.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Office of the Saturday Evening Post, October 6, 1856.

The Fall Dry Goods' Trade holds on well with both the commission and jobbing houses and the latter are still a selling many goods. There are no material changes to note in the market since last week. In any of the leading branches of business woolen manufactures and all new styles sell well. The Produce markets generally have been more active during the past week. Beef is lower. In Breadstuffs, Flour, Wheat and Corn are bringing better prices. Cotton and Tobacco are also on the advance, owing to the unfavorable accounts from the growing crops. Coffee and Sugar are dull and heavy, with moderate sales. In Groceries the transactions have been limited by the high views of holders who are demanding advanced rates for Sugar and Molasses. The Provision market remains unsettled and very dull. Fish are more active and prices are looking up. Hides and Leather continue in request, at full prices, but the want of stock limits operations. Naval Stores and Oils are without much change. Rice is dull. Of Salt, the arrivals continue large. In Seeds the demand for Clover is rather better, but at a decline on previous rates. Wool is a heavy, quiet, but prices have an upward tendency; and of Whiskey the stock continues very light, with sales at a further advance. In other articles there are no important changes to notice.

ASHES—Both kinds are scarce and firm, with a small business to notice.

BARK—The stock of Quercitron is very light, but the demand is a fair one, and some holders, in order to effect sales, have submitted to a decline; several sales, in all about 100 hhds of No 1, are reported at $35 @ ton. Tanners Bark is scarce and wanted at previous quotations, but the season is over, and there is little or none offering or selling.

BEESWAX is in request, but at a price below the views of holders, and 22c @ lb have been taken at about 2 @ lb.

CANDLES are firm, with about the usual demand for Sperm and Adamantine at fully former quotations. Tallow Candles are also firm.

COAL.—The stock is light for the season, with a good business doing both for shipment and home use, at steady prices. Allegheny Coal continues dull.

The anthracite coal receipts for the past week and for the year, thus far, as compared with 1855, are as follows:—

FOR THE WEEK.

	1856.	1855.
Lehigh Canal	4,222	10,973
Schuylkill Canal	94,583	32,420
Reading Railroad	29,483	34,293
Total for week	128,008	121,386

FOR THE YEAR.

	1856.	1855.	
Lehigh Canal	209,564	307,464	Dec. 102,420
Schuylkill Canal	939,776	841,425	Inc. 3,999
Reading Railroad	1,454,961	1,307,462	Dec. 144,500
Total for year	3,604,301	3,457,182	Dec. 243,470

To the above total there are to be added the quantity carried over the Lehigh Valley Railroad, which amounts to 117,619 tons. Of the coal from the Schuylkill region this week, 12,615 came over the Little Schuylkill Railroad against 8,682 in the corresponding week of last year.

COFFEE—Fine grades continue scarce and firm, but the market has been quiet this week, and only about 300 bags, chiefly Rio, have been disposed of in lots within the range of 10½ @ 11c, as to quality, on the usual terms; sales of 60 mats Java have also been made at 14c, on time.

COTTON—The unfavorable accounts from the South in relation to the crop, have given an upward tendency to prices, and indeed somewhat of a speculative feeling in the market. The week's sales reach 1,500 bales at a fair advance on last week's prices, ranging from 10½ to 10¾c for Uplands, and 11 to 11½c for Gulfs, cash and time. The firmness of holders, however, at the close, has a tendency to check sales.

FEATHERS continue in good request, with further sales of Western at 50@50c, as to lots.

FISH—The market is more active and prices are looking up; some of the Mackerel have been taken on landing, part on terms not public, and part at $12 for 1's, $9 for 2's, and $6 for 3's of medium size. A sale of large 2's was also made at $11 @ bbl. Store sales are making to a fair extent at about previous rates. Herring are in request at $3,75@4 @ bbl, and Dry Cod at $3,7 at the shore.

FRUIT—There is little or no Foreign Fruit in first hands; some Lemons, per Rockaway, recently arrived, belong to the trade at high figures. No cargo direct is looked for daily. Domestic Fruit is not so plenty and rather higher. Apples are bringing $1@2, and Cranberries $2@2,50 @ bbl, as to quality.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market opened with a better feeling under the advices from abroad, and holders of Flour subsequently put up their prices 25c @ bbl. The demand, however, has been confined to the advance, and only about 3000 bbls found buyers, in lots for export, at $6,5 a 6,75 for standard superfine; $6,87½@7 for better brands; $7@7,25 for extra, and $8 for fancy lots, including 50 barrels Brandywine on terms not public. The late foreign news has had no effect on the market. The closing sales were at $6,75 for standard and $6,87½ @ bbl for better brands, with a moderate export inquiry, mostly for the British Provinces, and the West Indies. The receipts show a slight increase this week. For home consumption the demand has been moderate, within the above range of prices for common to extra and fancy brands, including some choice lots at $8,25@8,37½ @ bbl for the latter for Genesee. Rye Flour continues scarce and firm, with sales of 300 bbls at $5 @ bbl. Corn Meal is also scarce, and is taken freely at a advance on 1000 bbls Pennsylvania Meal, at $3,12½@3?, and since at $3,?5 @ bbl, closing firm at the latter rate. The inspections for the week are 17,?00 bbls Flour, 300 half bbls do, at Rye do, and 1742 bbls Corn Meal.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat continue moderate, and with a good demand both for shipment and milling. Prices have improved 2@3c @ bush. About 40,000 bush, including 45,000 bush at 1?0@ 33c from first to prime Southern and Pennsylvania Reds, in store and afloat, and 1?5@?30c for White, as to quality; the bulk of the sales were at our higher figures. Rye has been steady with moderate receipts, and about 9000 bush have been taken at 7?@?5c for Southern and ??@?5c for Pennsylvania. Corn is better, and about 40,000 bush have been disposed of at 65@?0c for Pennsylvania and Southern afloat, low, in store and afloat, and 65c for White. We quote to-day at our highest figures. Oats have been more active, and 9,000 bush have been taken in lots at 2?@30c for new Southern, and 40c for old Pennsylvania, mostly of the former description, which is an improvement.

The following is the Head Measurer's returns for the quarter ending 30th September last:

Corn, bush	280,651	Rye, bush	67,500
Wheat, do	270,900	Barley, do	23,000
Oats, do	126,300		

GUANO—There is a fair business doing for the season, without any variation to note in prices; stocks are light.

GINSENG—There is no crude offering or selling, and the market is quiet.

HEMP—There is little or no stock out of the hands of the manufacturers, and there is nothing doing in the way of sales to alter quotations.

HIDES—Continue scarce and in request at fully former rates, but we have no arrivals or sales to note this week.

HOPS—Remain dull with a small business doing at about 12c for new, and 15@?0c @ lb for old.

IRON—The market has been rather quiet this week but without any variation to note in prices and sales only reach about 2?00 tons, in lots, at $?4 for Anthracite No 2; $?5 for No 2, and $?7 for No 1, on time, including 200 tons wheel Iron, on terms not public, and 200 tons No 3, deliverable on the Susquehanna, at $?4 @ ton, as, mo. Boiler Plate continues very dull, and quotations are nominally unchanged. In Manufactured Iron no changes to note, a good demand to note for rail and bar Iron, at full rates. Nails are quiet.

LEAD—There is very little doing and prices rule about the same as last quoted. Some of our dealers have been purchasing in a retail way in the market.

LUMBER—The market is steady but not active, with a fair business to note in White Pine boards at $1?@18, as in quality; several cargoes of Southern Boards and Scantling have arrived, which were previously contracted for on terms not public. Shingles are steady and Lathe firm at $1,25@1,?5 @ M.

LEATHER—Continues in active demand at fully former rates, but the want of stock limits operations.

MOLASSES—Is attracting more attention, but the difference in the views of buyers and sellers has limited the week's operations to a few small lots of Cuba at full rates; a cargo of Cuba, not yet landed, was sold previously on private terms.

NAVAL STORES—Spirits Turpentine is moving off in lots at rather easier rates, and prices range at 42@43c per gall, cash and time; a sale of fine Rosin was made on terms not public. Tar is rather more in request, without change in prices. Pitch is quiet.

OILS—There is a fair business in Fish Oils, but without any alteration to note in prices; sales to the extent of 15,000 gallons Crude Whale are reported at 80@85c, usual terms. Lard Oil is scarce and firm at 100@105 for Spring and Winter. Linseed is steady at 87@90c, and Red Oil at 68@70c, with moderate sales.

PROVISIONS—The market generally remains dull and unsettled. In Pork there is a small business doing by the packers at $?2 a ?4 @ bbl. Beef is selling in a small way @ 6? @ for Old Mess. Western sells slowly at $12@14 @ bbl, as to brand. Of Bacon the sales are only in a retail way, at 11@ 12c for Hams, 8@10c for Sides, and 6@8 cts for Shoulders. Green Meats are quiet, and quotations are nearly nominal; sales of 100 cases are reported in salt, on terms not public. Lard is less active at 11@12c for kegs and tierces; about 500 bbls have been sold at the latter rate, at time. Butter is stationary, with moderate receipts, and sales of Western packed at 14@15c, the latter for prime. Cheese is in steady demand at 9@10c, as to quality.

PLASTER—The receipts and sales are light, and prices range at $2,?5@3 @ ton.

RICE—Continues in request, and firm at a slight advance, and about 100 casks have changed hands at 4@4½; the stock is nearly exhausted.

SALT—Is unchanged; the receipts have been large, mostly to the coolers, including two cargoes of Turk's Island, and some 25,000 sacks, chiefly Liverpool Ground, which have all been disposed of on terms not public; an import of 9,000 sacks Ground just in, remains unsold.

SEEDS—There has been rather more doing in Clover seed this week, but at lower figures, and sales and receipts of 1200 bu are reported at $?@?1 for good and prime lots. Timothy is quiet, the active season being nearly over; and prices range at $2,?5@4 @ bu, the latter for choice lots from second hands. Flaxseed continues scarce, and domestic brings $2,?5@2,?? @ bushel. Of Red Top 100 bags has been sold at $3,?5 @ cwt.

SPIRITS—There is no change in Brandy or Gin, with a small business doing. N E Rum is steady at 42@43c. Whiskey continues scarce and on the advance, with sales to some extent at 35@?6c for Drudge, 36@?8c for hhds, and 38@40c for bbls.

SUMAC—About 600 bags Sicily have been sold at $?3@?5, as to brand.

SUGAR—The market opened active, and prices have further slightly advanced, but the high views of holders has since checked the demand, and buyers are holding off; sales in all reach about 1200 hhds, at cash or 4 months, and 300 bbls for Porto Rico, on the usual terms. The Refiners have also put up the prices ½@¾c @ lb.

TALLOW—Is more active, and sales of city rendered to some extent are reported at 11@11½c, including 250 casks of prime at our highest figures.

TEAS—There has been no alteration in the market during the past week, and a fair business doing in both Blacks and Greens.

TOBACCO—Owing to the unfavorable accounts from the growing crop, there has been some little excitement in the market, and prices are on the advance. The stock of Leaf is very much reduced, and there has been some little movement in the market, but the particulars have not been made public. Manufactured is also better, and rather more doing in the way of sales.

WINES—The market is quiet, but without any change to notice.

WOOL—The firmness of holders has had a tendency to limit the operations of the past week, and about 100,000 lbs have been disposed of in lots, part to go East, at very fair rates. Among the sales are 50,000 lbs, fine, 80c, common to quarter, 60@65c, half blood 45@48c, fine, 50c, and prime fleece at 50c, all on the usual terms, the market closing with an upward feeling.

BALTIMORE MARKET.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market was quiet. Prices have slightly declined. We note a sale of 300 bbls Howard st at $6,62½. Holders are firm at $6,?5 without finding buyers. Nothing done in Ohio. Sales of 5? bbls City Mills at $6,?5, the market closing with buyers at that price. 400 bbls City Mills sold since Change at $6,5?, and 150 bbls Howard street at $6,62½. Family and Extra Flour No sales. We quote Baltimore extra at $6@6 ?5; family at $6,?5@7; Howard street and Ohio extra $7,?5@8; and fancy at $8,?5@9. Rye Flour We continue to quote old at $5,25 5,50; new $ a5,?5. Corn Meal We have no sales to note. We quote country at $3@3,?5; city $4,?5. Market firm at these prices.

GRAIN AND SEEDS—Wheat The demand was not quite so active. The steamer's advices having slightly depressed the market. Shippers were buying sparingly. Receipts did not continue light. There were only 2?0 bus offered, and we note sales of white at 1?5@1?0 for fair to good; good to prime 1?5a 160@; choice 165c. Reds 1?0@1?5; choice 1?0.

Corn The demand continues steady. Receipts light. There were 9?? bus offered, and sales of white at 7?@?8 o; yellow 6 a 66c; a sale of 20? bus mixed at 65c.

Oats—There were 4?0 bushels offered. Sales of good at 36a 40c; choice 42c. Ohio 32@34c.

Rye—There were only 2?? bush offering, and sales of Penna at 1?0c; we quote Maryland at 1?0?c.

Seeds—None offering. We quote Clover at $8,?0@9,?0, and Timothy $,

A LETTER AND CHALLENGE FROM GEN. LANE.

To Messrs. A. W. Doniphan and A. G. Boone:

Gentlemen: My attention has been called to the last half of a circular published in The Missouri Republican of Sept. 2, 1856, to which your names are subscribed as indorsers. Atchison & Co., your principals, have long since placed themselves beyond the pale of those who can be recognized as gentlemen; and therefore I address you.

If this half of the circular conveys any idea of the spirit or tenor of the whole article, I venture the assertion that in recklessness of mendacity and bold falsification it would be difficult to find its parallel.

I have never enlisted an army, nor even a single soldier, to march into Kansas. I travelled through Iowa in company with a large body of peaceable citizens, each of whom avowed, with the greatest apparent sincerity, their determination to become *bona fide* settlers of Kansas, and, so far as my knowledge extends, have actually made good their professions, and are now making homes for themselves and their families. Fearing my presence might be seized upon as a pretext for attacking them by the United States troops, I left the company on the east side of the Missouri River, and travelled into Kansas alone, taking a different route from theirs, so as to be entirely disconnected with them.

On my arrival in Kansas I found the border papers teeming with inflammatory denunciations of our citizens, and boldly proclaiming against them a war of extermination; and in response to their incitements, hordes of depraved, misguided desperadoes entering the country, many of them having inscribed on their hats, "Death to Abolitionists, and no quarter!" a mother and daughter, in the absence of the husband and father, ravished by nearly one hundred fiendish men; the gifted Major Hoyt, who had gallantly served his country in the Mexican war, brutally murdered while totally unarmed, his body hacked to pieces, and a few sods thrown over him, leaving his arms and feet projecting from the earth, a prey for wolves; prisoners murdered in a manner exceeding, if possible, even the shocking barbarity of savage tribes, and afterwards scalped—one man scalped while alive, and who yet lives to exhibit his skinless head to an outraged world; dwellings being burned over helpless women and screaming children.

In the state of confusion and indignation resulting from these outrages, the people of Kansas sought my aid and counsel; and I took command of the forces rallied for their defence as an imperative duty which the promptings of humanity forbade me to refuse. Instead of following the examples of your associates, we determined to wage an honorable and only a defensive warfare. To this end, the first order issued guaranteed protection to the settler without reference to his politics, compelled humane and courteous treatment to prisoners, forbade the burning of dwellings or the destruction of property, and inflicted the penalty of death for its violation. This order was republished the morning after your associates had burned seven dwellings near Lecompton, in sight of the United States troops. No buildings were destroyed at Franklin, and the attack was made there under the impression that the cannon loaded and used to frighten Free State men was the one taken from Lawrence. The houses destroyed at Saunders and Hull Creek—although in themselves military fortifications, and occupied but a few minutes before their destruction by our invaders—were burned contrary to orders, and by persons having no connection with my command. The house of Clark, the Indian Agent, charged as he was with the cold-blooded murder of the lamented Barber, with its valuable contents, was spared by our army, which reached it but a few moments after the invaders, who had just burned the seven houses alluded to, had deserted it and fled to Lecompton. At Lecompton express orders were given that not a shot should be fired at the house occupied by Widow Brooks and her gallant sons and accomplished daughters, although the building was at the time occupied by the very men who had kindled the fires of the then smoking ruins of the houses of our friends. To Capt. Scott, Gen. Richardson and other prisoners, I refer you for testimony of their proper treatment. The latter gentleman, at the peril of my own life, was conducted five miles outside of our picket guards. Although some of the citizens of Kansas may have been driven into measures of retaliation, and it would be strange if they had not, I defy you to point to a single act committed by the men under my command derogatory to their character as gallant soldiers or chivalric gentlemen.

As to the charge of treason and outlawry, I laugh it to scorn. The recent discharge upon bail of the prisoners charged with treason will, I trust, prevent any repetition of the stale charge by any man who makes any pretensions to respectability.

I presume there is no one, even in the Slave States, so stultified in intellect as to now imagine that the effort to inflict the curse of Slavery on Kansas by force and arms is not entirely futile. You can, therefore, have no other object in the invasion of Kansas than the desire for bloodshed. When you get ready for another invasion to gratify this hellish disposition, in order to save a further imperiling of our beloved Union, I will entertain a proposition like this: You to select one hundred actual slaveholders, born and raised in Slave States, who have already been engaged in this conflict, Atchison & Co. among the number; and I to select one hundred actual non-slaveholding settlers of Kansas, myself included; we being the party invaded and having the right to select time, place, distance, and weapons, who shall fight in presence of twelve members of the Senate and twelve members of the House of Representatives of the United States, one half of whom shall be selected by each party, with the mutual agreement that the blood of the parties thus selected shall settle this vexed question, and save Kansas from further outrage.

As no letters are permitted to reach me in Kansas, through Missouri, you will direct your answer to Indianapolis, Indiana. Yours, J. H. Lane.

Fremont County, Iowa., Sept. 22, 1856.

Presidential Elections Since 1820.—Since 1820, when Monroe was chosen for a second term, with but one opposition electoral vote, the Presidential elections have been less decisive than is generally supposed. That is to say, the popular majority for the successful candidate has never been excessive; and often he has actually wanted a majority, and had only a plurality. This was the case, for example, in 1844, when the votes cast for Clay, and those thrown away on Birney, exceeded, in the aggregate, those polled for Polk, making the latter actually a minority President.

To go back to 1824. In that year, four candidates were in the field, Jackson, Adams, Crawford and Clay. The first received 99 electoral votes, the second 84, the third 41, and the fourth 37. The election, under these circumstances, devolving on the House, Adams received the vote of 13 States, Jackson of 7, and Crawford of 4. In 1828, Jackson was chosen by the popular voice, obtaining 178 electoral votes out of the 261, which then constituted the Electoral College. In 1832, Jackson was again chosen by the popular voice, and this time by an even greater majority, receiving 170 electoral votes more than his opponent, Henry Clay.

This brings us up to 1836, or twenty years ago. In that year Van Buren, though elected President, beat Harrison in the popular vote only about 14,000 though he had 170 electoral votes out of 294. Four years afterwards Harrison seemed, at first sight, to have had three times as many supporters as Van Buren, for he obtained 234 electoral votes, while his antagonist had but 60; yet he only beat the latter, in the popular vote, about one hundred and sixty thousand, out of a poll of nearly two millions four hundred thousand. Another curious feature of the election of 1840 was that the popular vote exceeded by nearly two-thirds that cast in 1836. Van Buren, for instance, distanced as he was, received 364,000 votes in 1840 more than he did four years before. In 1844, as we have said already, Polk was actually a minority President; and yet he beat Clay by a larger popular majority than Harrison had beaten Van Buren; the vote being, for Polk 1,536,196, for Clay 1,297,212. The electoral college stood, however, 170 for Polk to 105 for Clay. In 1848 Taylor received 163 electoral votes, and Cass 127. The great State of New York in this election decided the contest, by going for Taylor.

When we compare these elections with those prior to 1820, we see how much more closely contested they have been. In 1804, for instance, Jefferson had 162 electoral votes, and Pinckney, his opponent, 14 only. In 1808, Madison had 122 and Pinckney 47. In 1812, Madison had 128, and Clinton 89. In 1816, Monroe had 183, and King 34. In 1820, as we have already mentioned, Monroe had 231, only a single electoral vote being cast in opposition.

These statistics show how nearly equally divided the people in these United States are on cardinal questions and federal policy.

Terrible Riots in Baltimore.—Four serious mobs took place in Baltimore on October 5th, Sunday. The political excitement which pervades the city is said to be the source of these disorders. The most serious difficulty originated from reports that the Democrats have imported a party of New York roughs, to do the fighting at the polls, at the election for Mayor, on Wednesday, the 8th inst.

The head quarters of the Empire Club, and subsequently a tavern on Marsh Market Space, were attacked by a mob. In both instances the assailants were driven off by the use of fire-arms. Only one man was shot, and a number of others were severely hurt. There were a great number of discharges of fire-arms, and immense crowds were congregated in the vicinity.

Birth Extraordinary.—A short time since, Mrs. Webb, a farmer's wife, in Gloucester county, N. J., gave birth to four children, all of which soon after died.

Frost in Mississippi.—On the night of the 24th ult., a severe frost was experienced in Macon, Miss., which it was feared would damage the unripe cotton in Kemper and the adjoining counties very materially.

HOW USE DOTH BREED A HABIT IN A MAN, quoth Shakspeare. If a bad habit we might look to see the mass of mankind better clad; but as no such breeding is done, we would suggest to all to follow the common sense plan and buy their garments at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 607 Chestnut street.

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner Fifth and Chestnut. sep20-tf

FASHIONS.—We have it on the infallible authority of Jenkins, that it is no longer correct to say "the height of fashion." When ladies wish to convey the idea that any one of their acquaintance is at all *bien mise*, they affirm that "she was dressed in the full *breadth* of the fashion." Our fashionable *brave*, when they wish to convey the same idea, they declare "they are dressed *a la Granville Stokes*," at whose palatial store, No 209 Chestnut street, all fashionable clothing is procured.

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE WINTER.—Send to Mr. Robert Sears, No. 181 William street, New York, for a Descriptive Circular of his "PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE," the best and most saleable Book now published for Agents. sep13-tf

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.

A retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, No. 42 Fulton street, Brooklyn, New York. jel-tf

☞ PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT—In every town and village, for any number of young men, to sell Valuable Books, and to canvass for our Popular and Scientific Journals. *All who engage with us will be secured from the possibility of loss.* Profits very liberal. Please address, FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York. sep27-4t

EPILEPTIC FITS are usually considered incurable, but that such is not the case is proven by the following certificate from a citizen of Danville, attested by a number of the most respectable gentlemen of that place. The Alterative has cured nearly every case of Epilepsy in which it has been used:

Danville, Pa., July 5th, 1856.

Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia.

Gentlemen:—I take this method of testifying to the efficacy of your Alterative. For twenty-five years I was a sufferer from Rheumatism, during which time I took such large quantities of Laudanum that in the fall of 1853 I was attacked with Epileptic Fits, to cure which I made use of all the medicines that I saw recommended, and have been almost constantly under the treatment of the best Physicians, but all proved ineffectual, and scarcely afforded me any relief. *After the Fits commenced, my right arm became gradually PARALYZED. I lost the use of my arm and gradually that of my leg—my speech was so much affected that I could hardly articulate a word that could be understood.* In this condition, at the solicitation of a friend, I commenced using your Alterative last fall, and it affords me inexpressible pleasure to state that since that time I have *not had a single Fit;* the *use of my limbs has returned*, and my speech being almost entirely restored, my appetite is good, and I feel perfectly well in every way. I have taken about three dozen bottles of the Alterative, and a couple boxes of SANATIVE PILLS, and must say that I attribute my life to the fact of having used your medicines.

I consider your Alterative the best medicine in the world for Epileptic Fits, and would recommend all persons afflicted as I have been, to lose no time in procuring it.

Yours, truly, John Ware.

We, the undersigned, citizens of Danville, being acquainted with the facts contained in the above statement, do testify that they are correct as therein set forth.

William Kitchen,	C. B. Brown,
Geo. S. Sanders,	O. W. Forrest,
James M. Jones,	Thomas Woods,

J. B. Moore.

The above mentioned articles are prepared only at 84 CHESTNUT St. sep27-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 2d instant, William E. Hallowell, to Anna, daughter of Nathan W. Ellis, all of Philadelphia.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Garret Kitselman, to Miss Sarah M'Ayer, both of Montgomery county.

On the 23d Dec. last, by the Rev. Thomas C. Murphy, Mr. John S. Tilton, of Easton, Pa. to Miss Cornelia Shain, of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Kingston Goddard, Henry S. Clair Ash, to Mary Louisa, daughter of the late Joshua Canby, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Mullen, Mr. Thomas P. Welsh, to Miss Ellen Toomey, both of this city.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. S. Griffith, Mr. James Tyson, to Miss Mary A. Bodine, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. G. W. German, Mr. George W. Countryman, to Miss Margaret Goodman, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Walker Valet, to Miss Julia Cox, both of Philadelphia.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Blackwood, D. D. Mr. James Kirkpatrick, to Miss Jane Wilson, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, at Hartford Conn. by the Rev. C. B. Everest, Mr. Henry G. Everest, of Philadelphia, to Miss Helena G. Clark, of the former place.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Edgar M. Levy, Mr. James E. Brooke, of this city, to Miss Sallie S. Fox, of West Philadelphia.

In this city, on the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Castle, Samuel Fiske, Jr. to Amanda Stoddard, both of Lancaster, Pa.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. C. H. Mustard, Dr. D. H. Houston, to Miss Cora F. Mitchell, both of Lewes, Delaware.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. James Price, Mr. John Howarth, of Pittsburg, Pa. to Miss Sallie A. Morrison, of Frankford, Philadelphia.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. C. R. Demme, Mr. Franklin M. Noll, formerly of Schuylkill county, Pa. to Miss Emily Strohl, of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, at Elmira, by the Rev. Dr. Murdock, Frederick Lovejoy, of Philadelphia, to Annie C. Hepburn, of Elmira.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Howe, R P Gurney, of New York, to Emma A. Lehman, daughter of Dr. Geo. F. Lehman, of Philadelphia.

On the 11th ultimo, by the Rev. William Ramsey, Mr. Thomas M. Townsend, to Miss Annie E. Lamond, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. J. M. McCarter, Mr. Frederick L. Charlton, to Miss Frances Heil, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. Hutchinson, John V. Neville, to Caroline, daughter of the officiating clergyman, both of Philadelphia.

On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. R H. Pattison, Mr. John Otley, to Miss Susanna Smith, both of Philadelphia.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. F. H Harbaugh, John K. Reid, M D. of Conshohocken, to Miss Narina Mellor, of Burlington, N. J.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, Miss Margaret A. Clifton, aged 55.
On the 1st instant, Mrs. Ann Kelly, aged 53 years.
On the 1st instant, Mary A McGuire, aged 5 years.
On the 25th ultimo, at Washington, Stratton, son of John and Rebecca K Hoot, aged 15 years.
On the 29th ultimo, Miss Mary C. Smith.
On the 1st instant, Thomas J. Lowry, aged 47 years.
On the 30th ultimo, Mr James Parkhill, aged 51 years.
On the 31st ultimo, Sarah Boyle, aged 35 years.
On the 29th ultimo, William Heron.
On the 1st instant, Bernard, son of James and Grace Fitzpatrick, aged 2 years and 3 months.
On the 1st instant, James P. son of Bernard and Mary Conway, aged 4 years and 6 months.
On the 1st instant, Ann, wife of Thomas J Myers, aged 47.
On the 1st instant, Ellen, daughter of William and Johanna Kegle, aged 19 years.
On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. Sarah Patton, aged 32 years.
On the 30th ultimo, Mary, daughter of Wm. and Jane Lamb, aged 2 years and 4 months.
On the 30th ultimo, Robert F Reed, aged 28 years.
On the 30th ultimo, Mr John Cochran, aged 47 years.
On the 30th ultimo, John McCracken, aged 21 years.
On the 30th ultimo, Henry Finnan, aged 3 years and 6 months.
On the 30th ultimo, Miss Elizabeth Barnholt, aged 25.
On the 30th ultimo, Sarah A. Hamill, aged 2 years
On the 1st instant, Mrs. Hannah Mahnichen, aged 63.
On the 28th ultimo, Henry, son of Michael and Mary Mogonegal.
At Chicago, on the 22d ultimo, Frederick T. Smith, formerly of Philadelphia, aged 47 years.
On the 29th ultimo, at Centreville, Mrs. Charlotte Eidat, aged 34 years.
On the 30th ultimo, Mr. Josiah Smith, formerly of Salem co. N J aged 49 years.
On the 24th ultimo, Mrs Sarah A. Williams, aged 37
On the 25th ultimo, Hannah Ann, wife of Jesse W. Starr, aged 44 years.
On the 24th ultimo, Mary Ann, wife of John Browning, aged 26 years.
On the 25th ultimo, Anna S. widow of the late Geo. Etzell, aged 63 years.
On the 21th ultimo, Louisa H. daughter of Saml. and Mary Crossman, aged 18 years.
On the 28th ultimo, Susan, wife of Edward Charlton, aged 34 years.
On the 25th ultimo, Margaret Jane, daughter of Margaret and the late Jas. Gray, aged 2 years and 6 months.
On the 21st ultimo, Margaret, adopted daughter of Wm. and Elizabeth Smith, aged 6 years and 9 months.
On the 20th ultimo, Lucie, daughter of Lewis T. and Mary A Frost.
On the 27th ultimo, Joseph Franklin, son of Daniel and Susan Nudd, aged 5 years.
On the 27th ultimo, Thomas Wilson, aged 58 years.
On the 27th ultimo, Herman Undershorren, late of Hamburg, Berks county, aged 36 years.
On the 25th ultimo, Charles H. Palmer, aged 13 years.
On the 25th ultimo, Henry R. Shinkle, aged 21 years.

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BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post,
By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 20 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, October 6, 1856.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Solvent banks par to 1 dis
Relief Notes 1 dis
NEW JERSEY.
Solvent banks par to 1 dis
Morris Canal & Banking Co. 10 dis
Wheat Grower's bk
Newton 10 dis
DELAWARE.
Solvent banks par
Under 5's 1 dis
MARYLAND.
Solvent banks par
Valley bk Hagerstown no sale
Solvent banks par to 1 dis
Farm. & Mech. Bank Cumb. 10 dis
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Exchange bk 2 dis
Solvent banks 1 dis
NEW YORK.
Solvent banks par to 1 dis
4th Avenue bk 5 dis
Manufacturers' bk 10 dis
Commerce bk 15 dis
Farm'rs, Onondaga 15 dis
Mech. Mer. St. Ogdensburgh 30 dis
Exchange bk, Hudson 20 dis
Empire City bk 1c dis
Central bk 1a dis
MAINE.
Solvent banks 1 dis
Bk of Cumberland 3 dis
Canal bk 15 dis
Kennebec bk 25 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Solvent banks 1 dis
VERMONT.
Solvent banks 1 dis
South Reading bk 2 dis
CONNECTICUT.
Solvent banks 1 dis
MASSACHUSETTS.
Solvent banks 1 dis
Grocers' bk Boston 1 dis
RHODE ISLAND.
Solvent banks 1 dis
CANADA.
Solvent banks 2 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.
Solvent banks 1½ dis
Small notes 5 dis
VIRGINIA.
Solvent banks 1 dis
Bk of Kanawha 10 dis
Trans Alleghany 2 dis
Corp'n Alexandria 10 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.
Solvent banks 1 dis
GEORGIA.
Solvent banks 1 dis
New banks 1 to 2 dis
Real Milledgeville no sale
Others 10 dis
Pl'nt's & Mech's Bank Dalton no sale
ALABAMA.
Bk of Mobile 11 dis
Other solvent banks 5 dis
MISSISSIPPI.
All the uncertain
LOUISIANA.
Solvent banks 11 dis
OHIO.
Solvent banks 1 dis
Bk of Cincinnati 2 dis
Canal Bk Cleveland 5 dis
City bk Columbus 2 dis
KENTUCKY.
Solvent banks 1 dis
INDIANA.
State Bk 1 dis
Free banks 1 to 2 dis
ILLINOIS
Solvent banks 1 dis
Bank of Illinois 1 dis
Central R. R. Bk. Decatur 1 dis
MISSOURI.
Solvent banks 1 dis
TENNESSEE.
Solvent banks 1 dis
Small notes ½ dis
MICHIGAN.
Solvent banks 1 dis
ARKANSAS.
All banks no sale
WISCONSIN.
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TEXAS.
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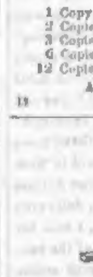

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Floor Oil Cloths, in sheets, 12 and 18 feet.
Floor Oil Cloth, in cuts, of 4, 5, 6, and 6-4 wide, to match.
Elastic Carriage Oil Cloth, enamelled and plain.
Table and Stair Oil Cloth.
Unequalled in finish, texture and style, warranted to stand any climate. oct11 3t

FOR SALE—One hundred and nineteen acres of land, a portion of it being good timber, situated at the mouth of Long Creek, on the Iowa River, five miles from Wappelo, Louisa Co., Iowa. Address JOS. B. THOMAS.
At the office of the Sat. Eve. Post, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Twenty-five cents a line for the first insertion.
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THE COMBINATION PATENT
PORTABLE
UPRIGHT STEAM SAW-MILL.

This Mill commands the universal admiration of Saw-Mill men everywhere. As its merits become known the demand for it increases. Orders are coming from every section of this country, Canada, Cuba and South America. It is suited for every section of the world, wherever there is timber to be sawed, no matter of what character, how hard, how large, or how small. Two extensive manufactories are now engaged in building these Mills, yet it is almost impossible to turn them out as fast as they are wanted. They embrace several valuable patents and improvements, and combine all the following advantages:

SIMPLICITY.—Both the Mill and power are so simple in their construction that any one of ordinary mechanical ability can comprehend them, put them up and run them without danger or difficulty.

PORTABILITY.—The whole establishment can be very quickly taken apart and put together, thus rendering it easy to be moved from place to place as desired, and saving the necessity of drawing the logs a long distance to the mill.

DURABILITY.—It is constructed in the most solid and substantial manner, runs perfectly still, is not liable to get out of order, and will last for years without repair.

RAPIDITY.—It will saw faster than any other Upright Mill. The speed of the saw is about 300 strokes per minute—and the feed from one-eighth to three-quarters of an inch per stroke. Thus, at a medium feed, the saw will cut through a log 24 feet long in about three minutes. From this data any one knowing the character of the timber can calculate how much it will do.

EFFICIENCY.—It does its work well, cuts smoother and straighter than the ordinary mills, and the arrangement of the saw is such as to render it utterly impossible for it to run out of line.

CHEAPNESS.—The entire cost of the Mill, with 14 horse power, and everything all complete and ready for running, boxed and delivered for shipment in this city, is only

$1,850.

The Mill requires less power to drive it than any other Mill, and the power furnished is sufficient to drive extra machinery with it.

Grist-Mills, Shingle-Mills, Circular Saws and all other kinds of machinery are furnished at the very lowest rates. These Mills are all manufactured in this city, yet they will be furnished to Western customers by Dr. A. G. HAGG, St. Louis, Mo.

11t J. M EMERSON & CO., No. 1 Spruce St., N Y.

☞ 080 AGENTS WANTED TO SELL 080 these RECIPES. Receipt for making Honey *as good as that made by bees, and which does not cost over six cents per pound, sent for One Dollar in gold.*
oct11-4t N. R. GARDINER, Penns Dale, R. I.

EYE AND EAR,
AND
ARTIFICIAL EYES.

DR KNAPP, Oculist, of No 140 Main St., Buffalo, N Y, continues to successfully treat all diseases of the Eye and Ear, and inserts Artificial Eyes, without pain, that move and exactly resemble the natural eye. Dr. K. will be for a few weeks at Reown's Hotel, Erie, Pennsylvania, each FRIDAY AFTERNOON. oct11 2t

IRON RAILING.

THE SUBSCRIBER IS NOW PREPARED, with increased facilities, to manufacture all kinds of IRON WORK, such as RAILINGS for Parks, Gardens, Cemeteries, Balconies, Steps, Areas, Verandahs, &c. Also, Fountains, Statuary, Hat Racks, Tables, Settees, Chairs, Stairs, &c. Having the largest assortment of patterns of any establishment in the Union, and a perfect practical knowledge of all work to which they have been adapted.

☞ Particular attention given to the enclosing of Cemetery Lots. Cemetery Lots for sale already enclosed.
oct11-4t E. G. HOOD, 191 North Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

OLIVER S. HEMPHILL,
NO. 43 NORTH EIGHTH ST.,
PHILADELPHIA,
Has constantly on hand a large and varied assortment of
WATCHES, JEWELRY,
SILVER AND PLATED WARE.
All of which will be sold at the Lowest Cash Prices, and Warranted as represented. oct11 3m

THE BEST BOOK FOR AGENTS!
PLEASE TO READ THIS!
☞ AGENTS WANTED! ☜
EXTRA INDUCEMENTS FOR 1857.

ALL PERSONS IN WANT OF EMPLOYMENT will at once receive our CATALOGUE OF BOOKS for the New Year, prepaid, by forwarding us their address. Particular attention is requested to the liberal offers we make to all persons engaging in the sale of our Large Type Quarto PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE, with about ONE THOUSAND ENGRAVINGS. Our books are sold only by canvassers, and well known to be the most saleable. Address, (post-paid), ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
sep13-tf 181 WILLIAM ST., N. Y.

A. W. RAND'S
SELF-CLEARING FURNACE.
BOYNTON'S PATENT.

ALL PERSONS WISHING THEIR HOUSES effectually and economically warmed should examine carefully this celebrated and scientific Furnace. Being entirely different from anything else in the market, as all portions are at the same time evenly but not overheated, thereby rendering it a continual radiator, insuring purity of air and success in all cases.

The following testimonial, selected from many received, is from one of the largest public institutions in the United States, heated effectually by Hot Air Furnaces:

Philadelphia County Prison, June 12th, 1856.

To A. W. Rand—Dear Sir:—At a meeting of the Board of Inspectors of the Philadelphia County Prison, held June 9th, 1856, the following preamble was adopted and resolutions unanimously agreed to:

Whereas, For the first time since the erection of this Prison it has been comfortably heated during the past winter by the Boynton Patent Heaters, introduced by A. W. Rand. *And Whereas*, Notwithstanding the *extreme* severity of the winter, a saving of *over one hundred and fifty tons of coal* (or twenty per cent.) has been effected by their use: therefore

Resolved, That we deem it a duty to the inventor and proprietor of the Boynton Heater thus to express our high satisfaction of its performances, and that we can confidently recommend its introduction into other public institutions.

Resolved, That the Clerk of the Prison be requested to hand a copy of these resolutions, properly attested, to Mr. Rand.

J. KESSLER, Jr, President.

Attest—Joseph K. Howell, Clerk.

In connexion with the above, we have a full assortment of all of HAYES' PATENT RANGES, now so universally used and favorably known.

Also HAYES' PATENT VENTILATORS.

☞ All work done in the best and most thorough manner, by competent workmen, constantly employed on their respective branches.
sep27-tf A. W. RAND,
82 North Sixth St., Philada.

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UNABRIDGED IN WORDS,
Retail Price, in substantial Binding, $3,50.
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☞ AND FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS. sep13-6t

☞ WHAT CAN WOMAN DO? ☜

This is the title of T. S. ARTHUR'S NEW WORK, and is considered his BEST: a copy will be sent by mail, *free*, on receipt of the price, $1. Agents wanted for this and other popular BOOKS in all parts of the United States. For list of books and particulars of agency, address
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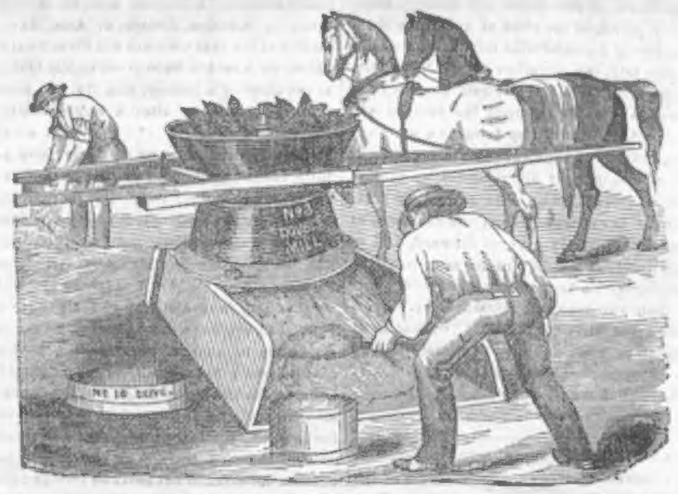
Where may be found the largest and handsomest assortment in the city.

☞ Purchasers from the country will find it to their advantage to call at our Store, where they will be suited with a superior article, AT THE LOWEST PRICES.
sep6-tf BURTON & LANING.

5,000 AGENTS WANTED to sell 4 New Inventions, which are in great demand in every city, town, and village. My agents have made over $14,000 themselves, gross, selling one of them patented July 8, 1856. Full descriptions, prices, &c., given gratis. Put in 4 cents for postage and address EPHRAIM BROWN,
sep6-6t Lowell, Mass.

THE "LITTLE GIANT"



CORN AND COB MILL,
WITH TRIPLE SETS OF CRUSHERS AND DOUBLE GRINDING SURFACES,
OR, IN OTHER WORDS,
TWO MILLS IN ONE,

Thus enabling persons using them to accomplish twice as much, in the same time as can be done by Single Mills of the same size. GREAT IMPROVEMENT has also been made in the strength of the Mill, and the Manufacturers can now challenge the world to produce a machine, for the same purpose, capable of accomplishing so much work with so little power; so light and portable, and yet so strong and durable, as the improved or Three Cone

DOUBLE "LITTLE GIANT" CORN MILL.

The Mill can not be broken by any fair means, except there be unseen defects in the castings. Should there happen to be a nail, a bit of gravel, a small stick or knot in the corn, the Mill will grind them without injuring it in the least. Farmers, Stock Growers, any one and every one who has stock of any kind, either to fatten or for working purposes, we say that in every 10 head that you feed, you can save the price of a No. 3 Mill every six months.

THE IMPROVED "LITTLE GIANT" is now offered as the

BEST CORN AND COB CRUSHER EVER MADE, AND IS SO GUARANTEED.

No. 3, or Two Horse Mill, Grinds from 18 to 20 Bushels per hour.

PRICE $45, AND $2,50 EACH FOR BOX AND LEVERS.

THE DOUBLE "LITTLE GIANT" is readily changed in one minute from a DOUBLE to a SINGLE MILL, adjustable to the power of of ONE or TWO horses at pleasure. A very important feature.

"LITTLE GIANT," No. 1, Single Mill, is warranted to grind from 8 to 12 bushels of feed per hour, from dry corn, with one horse. Price $25, and $2,50 each for Box and Lever.

Manufactured by SCOTT, MOCKBEE & CO.,

Wit and Humor.

ANOTHER BLOW AT THE HOOPS.—A few days since, as a Roxbury friend, at the close of his labors of the day, was enjoying a comfortable ride home from his office in this city, an omnibus partly filled with ladies, a gentleman upon the sidewalk signalled the driver to stop, and throwing open the door, sprang into the vehicle. His first step towards a seat, unfortunately, influenced somewhat by the sudden motion of the coach, brought his right foot in contact with a lady's dress; and as, with a hasty expression, he strove to extricate it from the embraces of the hoop, he was suddenly plunged forward, and in a twinkling found his left foot in the same unfortunate connection with a hoop on the other side. This was more than our hero had bargained for. For a moment he seemed fairly nonplussed: "Good Heavens, madam!" said he, and then nervously pulling the strap, he cried: "Stop, driver! stop! stop! stop! I thought I was getting into an omnibus; *but I find it's a cooper's shop!*"—*Portfolio.*

SCIENTIFIC WAGGERY.—The annexed anecdote is told of a distinguished judge in Pennsylvania: He purloined his grandmother's fan, and buried it for a considerable time in very damp ground. Having disguised it as completely as was in his power, he sent it to a society, with an elaborate description to prove that it was a wing of a bat. It was received with due solemnity, and a vote of thanks passed to the donor. A debate arose as to the species to which it belonged, and a committee of seven was appointed to ascertain whether it was the wing of a Madagascar or Canadian bat. The committee sat three weeks, and after consulting Buffon's Natural History, and Goldsmith's Animated Nature, they reported that it must have belonged to a Madagascar bat. It was pronounced the greatest curiosity in the Museum, except a large sheet of brown paper, which he had hung up in the chimney and disguised with soot and dirt, and palmed upon the society as a part of a Brahmin's shirt!

HOW HE SAVED IT.—A military man "down east," knowing he could be elected to a captaincy if he would consent to a nomination, called upon a neighbor who had formerly served in that captaincy, to ascertain if the office was one of pecuniary profit. Being told by the retired veteran that he had held the office for five years, and saved five hundred dollars, he gladly accepted the nomination, and was chosen captain of his company. After some three years campaigning in the way of "company trainings" and "general musters," finding his office to be a heavy bill of expense, instead of a source of profit, he called on his old friend again for information as to how he had saved five hundred dollars, while he himself lost one hundred dollars by the same office? "Why," replied the old captain, "I was worth just one thousand dollars when I was elected; I held the office five years, and lost five hundred dollars by it; so I resigned and saved the other five hundred."

A DISTINCTION.—Many years ago when new sects in New England began to break the good old congregational barriers, and make incursions into the sheepfolds of the regular clergy, a reverend divine, whom I well knew—a man, at once, of infinite eccentricity, good sense and good humor—encountered one of these irregular practitioners at the house of one of his flock. They had a pretty hot discussion on their points of difference, but, at length the interloper, finding more than his match at polemics, wound off by saying:—"Well, doctor, you'll at least allow that it was commanded to preach the gospel to every critter." "True," rejoined the doctor, "true enough. But then I never did hear that it was commanded to every 'critter' to preach the gospel."

SIMPLICITY.—A neighbor of ours not long since introduced to his son, about six years of age, a little brother, who had just arrived in this world, which all agree in abusing but none like to part with, even in exchange for a better. The boy looked at his infant brother in some little perplexity, and then raising his eye to his father, inquired—"Where did you get it?" "Bought him, my son," exclaimed the father, with a laudable gravity. Again the boy looked at the baby, and after a short time sagaciously asked, "Why didn't you pick out a white one, father?"—*Albany Knickerbocker.*

☞ Dean Swift, having a shoulder of mutton too much done brought up for his dinner, sent for the cook, and told her to take the mutton down, and do it less.

"Please your honor, I cannot do it less."

"But," said the dean, "if it had not been done enough you could have done it more, could you not?"

"Oh yes, sir, very easily."

"Why, then," said the dean, "for the future, when you commit a fault, let it be such a one as can be mended."

☞ "Grandmother," said a child on returning from Sunday-school one fine morning, "is the Bible true?"

"Certainly," replied the old lady, "but why do you ask?"

"Because it says that every hair of our head is numbered, and so I pulled out a handful to-day, and there wasn't a number on one of 'em."

"What heresy!" exclaimed the old lady, and fainted.

THE LARGEST SITE IN EUROPE.—If Dido had to build another Carthage, she would not select a bull's hide as the measurement of the space her city was to occupy. She would simply say, "Give me as much ground as a lady's dress will cover"—and we have no doubt that Dido would be fairly surprised, and, at the same time, perfectly satisfied with the extensive ultra-Babylonian area that the skirts of her new Crinolineopolitan metropolis would in all probability extend to.

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.—When Cibber once went to visit Booth, and knew that he was at home, a female domestic denied him. Colley took no notice of this at the time, but when, a few days afterwards, Booth paid him a visit in return, called out from the first floor that *he was not at home.* "How can that be," answered Booth; "do I not hear your voice?" "To be sure you do," replied Cibber, "but what then? *I believed your servant-maid,* and it is hard indeed *if you won't believe me.*"

DEAN SWIFT.—The motto which was inserted under the arms of William Prince of Orange, on his accession to the English crown, was, *"Non rapui, sed recepi."* (I did not *steal* it, but *I received* it.)

This being shown to Dean Swift, he said, with a sarcastic smile, "The *receiver* is as bad as the *thief.*"

SHAMEFUL EXPOSURE.—Little Boy.—"When I get bigger, *Mr. Brown,* you'll let me ride your horse, won't you?"

Mr. Brown.—"*Why,* Charlie, I haven't any horse; what made you think so?"

Charlie.—"Why, I heard mother say this morning what you'd been riding a high horse lately."

☞ A poor woman went to an eminent but eccentric surgeon, to inquire what was the proper treatment for some bodily wound.—"Put on a cataplasm," was the answer. "But, doctor, it's for a little child." "Then put on a *kitten*-plasm."

☞ A pompous fellow made a very inadequate offer for a valuable property, and, calling the next day for an answer, inquired if the owner had *entertained his proposition.* "No," replied the other; "your proposition has entertained me."

THE ENGLISH HABIT OF BRAG.—France is, by its natural contrast, a kind of black board, on which English character draws its own traits in chalk. This arrogance habitually exhibits itself in allusion to the French. I suppose that all men of English blood in America, Europe, or Asia, have a secret feeling of joy that they are not French natives. Mr. Coleridge is said to have given public thanks to God, at the close of a lecture, that He had defended him from being able to utter a single sentence in the French language. * * * * I am afraid that English nature is so rank and aggressive as to be a little incompatible with every other. The world is not wide enough for two. But, beyond this nationality, it must be admitted, the island offers a daily worship to the old Norse god Brage, celebrated among our Scandinavian forefathers for his eloquence and majestic air. * * * It was said of Louis the Fourteenth, that his gait and air were becoming enough in so great a monarch, yet would have been ridiculous in another man; so the prestige of the English name warrants a certain confident bearing which a Frenchman or Belgian could not carry. At all events, they feel themselves at liberty to assume the most extraordinary tone on the subject of English merits. An English lady on the Rhine, hearing a German speaking of her party as foreigners, exclaimed, "No, we are not foreigners, we are English; it is you that are foreigners." They tell you daily, in London, the story of the Frenchman and Englishman who quarrelled. Both were unwilling to fight, but their companions put them up to it; at last it was agreed that they should fight alone, in the dark, and with pistols; the candles were put out, and the Englishman, to make sure not to hit anybody, fired up the chimney and brought down the Frenchman. They have no curiosity about foreigners, and answer any information you may volunteer with "Oh! oh!" until the informant makes up his mind that they shall die in their ignorance for any help he will offer. There are really no limits to this conceit, though brighter men among them make painful efforts to be candid. The habit of brag runs through all classes, from the Times newspaper through politicians and poets, through Wordsworth, Carlyle, Mill, and Sydney Smith, down to the boys of Eton.—*Emerson.*

☞ In a pool across a road in the county of Tipperary is stuck up a pole, having affixed to it a board, with this inscription: "Take notice, that when the water is over this board the road is impassable."

Useful Receipts.

TOMATO MEAT PIE.—Cover the bottom of a pudding-dish with bread crumbs, then make a layer of cold roasted mutton, cut in small pieces, then a layer of tomatoes sliced, then another layer of bread crumbs, another of meat, another of tomatoes, and then cover with bread crumbs and bake till the crust is brown. Season with salt and pepper to your taste. It will bear high seasoning. Serve hot, and a better relishing dish is not often met with.—*Homestead.*

TOMATO FIGS.—Pour boiling water over the tomatoes, in order to remove the skin; then weigh them and place them in a stone jar, with as much sugar as you have tomatoes, and let them stand two days; then pour off the syrup, and boil and skim it until no scum rises. Then pour it over the tomatoes, and let them stand two days, as before; then boil and skim again. After the third time they are fit to dry, if the weather is good; if not, let them stand in the syrup until drying weather. Then place on large earthen plates or dishes, and put them in the sun to dry, which will take about a week, after which pack them down in small wooden boxes, with fine white sugar between every layer. Tomatoes prepared in this manner will keep for years.

TO PRESERVE PLUMS WITHOUT THE SKINS.—Pour boiling water over large egg or magnum bonum plums, cover them until it is cold, then pull off the skins. Make a syrup of a pound of sugar and a teacup of water for each pound of fruit; make it boiling hot, and pour it over; let them remain for a day or two, then strain it off and boil again; skim it clear, and pour it hot over the plums; let them remain until the next day, then put them over the fire in the syrup; boil them very gently until clear; take them from the syrup with a skimmer into the pots or jars; boil the syrup until rich and thick; take off any scum which may arise, then let it cool and settle, and pour it over the plums. If brown sugar is used, which is quite as good except for greengages, clarify it as directed.

TOMATO TART.—Cover a plate with a thin laying of dough. Cut your tomatoes (green) into thin slices, and place them on the dough, very evenly; then add two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, and one of ground cinnamon. Spread them evenly over the tomato, and bake well. This makes a delicious tart. The tomatoes used should be sound and sweet.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

TO DRY PLUMS.—Split ripe plums, take the stones from them, and lay them on plates or sieves to dry in a warm oven or hot sun; take them in at sunset, and do not put them out again until the sun will be upon them; turn them that they may be done evenly; when perfectly dry, pack them in jars or boxes lined with paper, or keep them in bags; hang them in an airy place.

AN EASY METHOD OF MAKING CREAM CHEESE.—Take a quart of cream, or if not desired very rich, add one pint of new milk; warm it in hot water until it is about the heat of milk from the cow. Add a tablespoonful of rennet, let it stand till thick, then break it slightly with a spoon, and place it in a frame eight inches square and four inches deep, in which previously put a fine canvass cloth; press it slightly with a weight, let it stand twelve hours, then put a finer cloth in the frame—a little powdered salt should be put over the cloth. It will be fit for use in a day or two.—*Genesee Farmer.*

TO PRESERVE GREENGAGES.—Pick and prick all the plums; put them into a preserving-pan with cold water enough to cover them; let them remain on the fire until the water simmers well; then take off, and allow them to stand until half cold, putting the plums to drain. To every pound of plums allow one pound of sugar, which must be boiled in the water from which the plums have been taken; let it boil very fast until the syrup drops short from the spoon, skimming carefully all the time. When the sugar is sufficiently boiled, put in the plums, and allow them to boil until the sugar covers the pan with large bubbles; then pour the whole into a pan, and let them remain until the following day; drain the syrup from the plums as dry as possible, boil it up quickly, and pour it over the plums; then set them by; do this a third and a fourth time. On the fifth day, when the syrup is boiled, put the plums into it, and let them boil for a few minutes; then put them into jars. Should the greengages be over ripe, it will be better to make jam of them, using three fourths of a pound of sugar to one pound of fruit. Warm the jars before putting the sweetmeats in, and be careful not to boil the sugar to a candy.

ORANGE JELLY.—Put one quart of water into a saucepan with a quarter of a pound of harrahorn shavings, or two ounces of isinglass, broken small; boil it gently until it is a strong jelly; take the juice from four large oranges, and two fine lemons, and half the yellow rind from one orange and one lemon, pared thin; put them to the jelly, and make it sweet with loaf sugar; then beat the whites of four eggs to a froth, mix it, and let it boil for ten minutes; then run it through a jelly bag once or twice, until it is perfectly clear; put it in fancy moulds. When you wish to serve it, set the mould for a few seconds in a pan of hot water, turn a flat glass or china dish over the mould, reverse it with the mould upon it, and if the jelly does not immediately loosen, give it a smart tap with the hand.

QUIET COUNTRY ENJOYMENT.

Mr. Blobbs (who, having had enough of surf bathing, makes up his mind to enjoy the quiet of the country in a sensible way, and devotes himself to solitary rambles and the study of animated nature.) "How delightful, to be sure! Those dear little ducks, how I do envy them! The calm quiet of a scene like this is quite refreshing! I would not be disturbed in my contemplations here, for all the gaiety in the world of folly and fashion!" (It is easy to perceive that Mr. Blobbs's quiet contemplation is destined to be of short duration.)

Agricultural.

HINTS FOR THE SEASON.

I. *Have you prepared a fine bed of strawberry plants for the next year?* If not, let us recommend the following: Select a warm, sunny spot of gravelly ground. Spade it deep and fine, mixing a cartload of leaf-mould from the woods, and a bushel of ashes, on every rod of ground. Then get flourishing plants of the variety called "Hovey's Seedling," of which you may have heard, and plant them carefully in rows four feet apart, and the plants from one to two feet in the row. If you are not very desirous to keep the variety distinct, get a few plants of the Early Scarlet variety, and plant them among the Hoveys for fertilizers. Water the plants, if the weather should be dry. They will grow a good deal this fall, if planted soon, and if the season is favorable. When cold weather comes, cover the bed, especially the plants, with some clean straw, to protect them from the severe cold of winter. This straw should be removed in the spring.

II. *Weeds may be going to seed all over your premises, unless you have been more careful than most persons are.* It is not too late to prevent the spread of a great multitude of them. Take a wheelbarrow and a spade or hoe, and cut or pull them all up, and wheel them to some corner, where they may decay without scattering their seed. Scatter a little lime over the heap. Turn it over a few times, and the year after next you will have a good pile of manure. The weeds and their seeds will all be dead then.

III. Currant bushes and raspberry bushes, if not attended to before, *may now be pruned, and have a good dressing of manure for the next year's growth.* The brush of each, if cut fine, may be dug in with advantage along with the manure.

IV. *Prepare a good border this fall, for the Lawton or New Rochelle Blackberry, next spring.* Many of those that were brought from the East last spring, died. They were probably injured by the excessive cold last winter. But they are worth trying again, if one-half that is said in their praise is true.

V. *In your apple orchards, young or old, remove the dead trees, or those that must soon die.* Thus prepare the ground by deep spading, and by generous manuring with well-rotted manure, leaf-mould, and a sprinkling of old lime. If this kind of manure is generously applied, apple trees may be wisely planted where apple trees have stood before. There is, we know, a feeling that this is not best. But we think it is often best. And the evils that are feared may be avoided, if plenty of the right kind of manure is used. Plant the trees as soon as the leaves have fallen off, and when you have done the work, drive a stake near by, where the roots of the tree may not be hurt by it, and tie the tree to it. This will prevent the disturbance of the tree by the frosts of winter. Remember that the fall is deemed by the best orchardists the best time for setting out apple trees.

VI. *Is your wool marketed yet?* If not, reflect that wool loses somewhat in quantity and quality by long-keeping. It loses some of its weight, and some of its life. If this be so, it is best to sell your wool for what it will bring, without waiting *very long;* unless the prospect of a considerable rise is sure and bright. Did you weigh your wool when you put it away in your loft? If you did, weigh the same now, and mark what the difference is. If kept in a damp place—Youatt says—wool will grow heavier for a few months. But after that time it will *rapidly grow lighter,* till a very considerable loss is often sustained.

VII. *Perhaps you desire a new garden next year.* If so, drain the ground, then cart on a large quantity of well-rotted manure, and plough it, and subsoil it to the depth of two feet or more. Then you may begin to lay out the general features of the garden. Here take the advice of some gardener of taste and experience, whose suggestions will be of great use to you. Do a large portion of the work soon. There is much more time to do such work in autumn. The winter, too, will soften the ground, and kill a great many worms and insects, and you can begin your garden work much earlier in the spring. Be sure to provide a good outlet for all drains.

VIII. A year ago, we recommended to sow lettuce in some corner, for the next spring. One person, at least, took our advice, and did so. He had a fine bed of lettuce last spring, before anybody else had anything green in their garden. This encourages us to repeat our advice, and to add, that a similar course in regard to cabbages and cauliflowers may be pursued. Sow the seed in some warm, sheltered nook, and before very cold weather approaches, cover the plants quite deep with straw, and protect the straw with boards. Early in the spring the straw may be removed, and the plants set out where they may be wanted. They will be earlier than any that can be grown from seed in the spring.

IX. The season for late planted cucumbers or melons may be lengthened a week or two, by spreading over the vines a sheet or some light shelter when the nights are cool, and frost may come. The same of tomatoes, which it is really important to preserve green as long as possible.—*Ohio Farmer.*

AMERICAN APPLE ORCHARDS.—In America they have their "bearing year" and season of rest in neglected orchards, but they do not, as we do, attribute it to late spring frost. Downing, in his work, the "Fruits and Fruit Trees of America," treating on orchard culture, says, "The bearing year of the Apple, in common culture, only takes place every alternate year, owing to the excessive crop which it usually produces, by which they exhaust most of the organizable matter laid up by the tree, which then requires another season to recover, and collect a sufficient supply again to form fruit buds. When half the fruit is thinned out in a young state, leaving only a moderate crop, the Apple, like other fruit trees, will bear every year, as it will also if the soil is kept in high condition." He adds in a note, "One of the finest orchards in America is that of Pelham Farm at Esopus, on the Hudson. It is no less remarkable for the beauty and high flavor of its fruit, than the constant productiveness of the trees. The proprietor, C. J. Pell, Esq., has kindly furnished us with some notes of his experiments on fruit trees, and we subjoin the following highly interesting one on the Apple:—'For several years past I have been experimenting on the Apple, having an orchard of 2,000 bearing Newtown Pippin trees. I found it very unprofitable to wait for what is termed the "bearing year," and it has been my aim to assist Nature, so as to enable the trees to bear every year. I have noticed that from the excessive productiveness of this tree, it requires the intermediate year to recover itself—to extract from the earth and the atmosphere the materials to enable it to produce again. This it is not able to do, unassisted by art, while it is loaded with fruit, and the intervening year is lost. If, however, the tree is supplied with proper food it will bear every year; at least such has been the result of my experiments. Three years ago, in April, I scraped all the rough bark from the stems of several thousand trees in my orchard, and washed all the trunks and stems within reach with soft soap; trimmed out all the branches that crossed each other, early in June, and painted the wounded part with white lead, to exclude moisture and prevent decay. I then, in the latter part of the same month, slit the bark by running a sharp pointed knife from the ground to the first set of limbs, which prevents the trees from becoming bark-bound, and gives the young wood an opportunity of expanding. In July I placed one peck of oyster shell lime under each tree, and left it piled round the trunk until November, during which time the drought was excessive. In November the lime was dug in thoroughly. The following year I collected from these trees 1,700 barrels of fruit, part of which was sold in New York for four and others in London for nine dollars per barrel. The cider made of the refuse, delivered at the mill two days after its manufacture, I sold for 3½ dollars per bbl of 32 gallons, exclusive of the barrel. In October I manured these trees with stable manure in which the ammonia had been fixed, and covered this immediately with earth. The succeeding autumn they were literally bending to the ground with the finest fruit I ever saw, while the other trees in my orchard not so treated are quite barren, the last season having been their "bearing season." I am now placing round each tree one peck of charcoal dust, and propose in the spring to cover it from the compost heap.'" If time and space allowed, I could make many more extracts from this work to show that in America orchards, when neglected, bear crops every alternate year only, but where under proper culture they bear every year. When our orchardists imitate the labor and perseverance of this American gentleman, who takes so much pains with his Newtown Pippin trees, then may we hope to hear no more outcries as to the failure of our crops.—*M. Saul, in Turner and Spencer's Florist, Fruitist, and Garden Miscellany.*

SAW-DUST FOR STABLES.—The stable which I was invited to see is situated in a village, the owner thereof preferring a residence there rather than upon his farm, which is about a mile distant. He had called me, he said, to see his mangement about littering his cows and horses, partly because of my occasionally bantering him about his not being able to find any hints of any value in the paper which I had told him was full of such hints, and partly because he wished me to let others, who might be situated near to a saw-mill, know how very convenient a litter might be found in saw-dust. He stated that he had found saw-dust superior to straw for the purpose of littering his creatures in a good many respects. In the first place, it occupied less room in his barn, which, with him was a matter of some importance. Next, he was sure that it absorbed more of the fertilizing matters about the stable, and that the ammonial emanations were less perceptible on opening the doors in the morning than when straw litter was used. Next, he said, that it was less of a chore to clean the stable, and that so little comparatively had to be thrown out that one load lasted quite a while. Then it was considered as no small advantage that the manure heap occupied so much less space than when straw was used, and thus admitted more easily of being covered from sun and rains. Then it was so much more valuable, so much more easily disposed of as manure, and so free from any such trouble as "long manure" often gives, that its superiority over straw was very enthusiastically insisted upon.

Thus you will see that superiority was claimed for this litter at every step of its journey from the saw-mill to the field.—*Correspondent of the Country Gentleman.*

THE UTILITY OF DRAINING.—I have had a peach orchard for some thirty years on high land. I generally planted it with potatoes. In dry seasons they were always very small, and the ground so hard it was next thing to impossible to get a spade or dung-fork into the ground to get out the potatoes. In a wet season they were large enough, but the greater part rotted, and sometimes the whole. The trees in the lower end of the field were unthrifty, and died out in a few years.

You know I think draining the radical cure for all the *ills* that land or its products are heir to; and a few years ago I went at draining it, by laying out a drain across the lower end to empty into a drain in the field adjoining, and then parallel drains up to the higher end of the orchard, twenty feet apart, and put a man to digging the same in a dry season. After he had been at work a few hours, I went to see how he was getting along. When asked how he got on, he said—"*Shure, sur,* this land don't want draining—it's *too dry entirely,* and so hard that water could never get into it *at all, at all.*" I told him when he got that drain the whole length and three feet deep, I expected signs of water. About four hours afterwards I asked if he got any water. He said no, but it sweats in the bottom. Next morning there was a run of water, and so it was in all the drains.

Now for the result. First, I have never had a rotten potato in it since. In a wet season they come out clean. Before draining, in a wet time they were so coated with clay one could scarcely know whether they were potatoes or stones. We have seldom had a greater drought than this season, yet my potatoes are very large, and you can pull a stalk, and then put in your hand and bring out the fine white potatoes without using spade or fork. I am sure the excess of produce the first year, paid all the cost of drainage; and the improvement in the peaches is equally marked. I feel confident that every man that could see the improvement would go and do likewise.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

HORSES SHOULD BE EXERCISED DAILY.—Horses require daily exercise in the open air, and can no more be expected to exist without it, than their owners. Exercise is an essential feature in stable management, and like well opportuned food tends alike to preserve the health of horses.

Daily exercise is necessary for all horses, unless they are sick; it assists and promotes a free circulation of the blood, determines morbific matter to the surface, developes the muscular structure, creates an appetite, improves the wind, and finally invigorates the whole system. We cannot expect much of a horse that has not been habituated to sufficient daily exercise: while such as have been daily exercised, and well managed, are capable not only of great exertion and fatigue, but are ready and willing to do our bidding at any season. When an animal is overworked, it renders the system very susceptible to whatever morbid influences may be present, and imparts to the disease they may labor under, an unusual degree of severity. The exhaustion produced by want of rest is equally dangerous; such horses are always among the first victims of disease, and when attacked their treatment is embarrassing and unsatisfactory.—*Veterinary Journal.*

TO PRESERVE TREES FROM MICE.—Mr. David Gray, of Deerfield, Oneida County, who has several large young orchards, recently informed me that for the last two or three years he has used a very simple preventive against the girdling propensities of mice, which has succeeded in every case. He adds one pound of tallow to two quarts of common tar, melts and mixes thoroughly, and applies while warm with a paint brush, to the trunks of his young trees, from the ground as high up as he thinks there is danger of their being gnawed. He makes the application just before winter sets in; any time late in the fall will answer. This simple application he finds entirely successful, for while his neighbors have suffered largely from mice, he has not lost a tree. He is very confident that common tar thus mixed and applied has no injurious effect upon the trees.—*Country Gentleman.*

THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.—In 1784, in Redruth, England, as a worthy pastor was returning from a visit to his flock, late in the twilight, he saw before him a strange nondescript, as large as a black ram, with eyes flashing fire, and breathing very hard, running furiously towards his shins. Providentially he sprang aside, and before his assailant could turn upon him, he had run such a distance as gave hope of deliverance, when he came full butt against a man running in the opposite direction.

"Run for your life! back! back!" cries the parson.

"Have you seen my steamer?" asked the stranger.

"I've seen the Evil Spirit himself! run, run!"

"By Jove!" exclaimed the stranger, "how far ahead is he?"

The tone of this question, and the company of a human creature, in some measure dispelled the fright of the faithful man, and assured him that he, if any one, should have courage to face the powers of darkness; so he turned and ran after the stranger, who, as he thought, by mistake, had taken the wrong direction. They soon came up to the object of their pursuit, which had got into a ditch, and was roaring terrifically. To the astonishment of the parson, the stranger seized and dragged the fiery monster to the road.

"She got away from me, sir. I was giving her a try; the bit of road being good for a run."

"Oh, goodness! well, she is yours, then? Pray, what is she?"

"A steamer, sir, I call her. She is a little experiment of mine, got up to try whether Mr. Watt's idea of running coaches by steam can be carried out. I think it can, if capital can be got for it."

"Indeed, indeed! Pray, my dear sir, who may you be?"

"I am William Murdoch, at your service; a mechanical engineer, superintending the erection of pumping engines for Boulton & Watt, in the mines hereabouts."

Great was the relief and satisfaction of the worthy parson on discovering what he imagined to be something broke loose from an unsafe place, was but a bit of honest mancraft; a lunatic conceit it might be, but harmless except when it run away; and might frighten children, perhaps hurt them.

This miniature engine was the first embodiment of the idea of locomotion on roads by steam.—*Railroad Advocate.*

OCCUPATIONS OF FRENCH WOMEN.—Did you ever see a lady play on the fiddle, reader? There is certainly no impropriety in the employment. St. Cecilia doubtless had a favorite Straduarius; yet there does seem to be something indefinable, bizarre, fantastic, out of place, in fair hands taking up the fiddle and the bow. But if a feminine violinist be a novelty, what would you say to a lady carpenter? Here are some hundreds of them hammering, sawing, chopping away, with tremendous vigor and celerity. These eyes have seen the grandam of eighty polishing off a plank with a plane to a nicety. They have seen a trim little damsel of seventeen, with colored handkerchiefs tied coquettishly round her head, busily fixing beams and girders, while a great bearded, bloused man sat majestically by, smoking his pipe, or, if he condescended to interfere in business matters at all, unpacking doll's house, or dabbling with a glue pot. What labor will not French women undertake? They follow the plough, they keep books, they open box doors, they take tickets at railways, they drag your luggage to the Custom House, they cut you your chops and beefsteaks at the butcher's, they dance on the tight-rope and on stilts, they buy old clothes, they keep shooting-galleries, they enter lion's dens, they measure you for boots, they shave you.

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CINROB.

I am composed of 47 letters.

My 1, 20, 39, 29, 13, 11, was a marine deity.
My 2, 34, 36, 47, 33, 13, 11, is a United States Senator.
My 3, 27, was a deity worshiped by the Egyptians.
My 4, 33, 9, 20, 31, 10, was an Irish writer.
My 5, 20, 3, 4, was a celestial messenger.
My 6, 21, 17, 40, 34, was a Danish anatomist.
My 7, 29, 29, 19, 11, was a brother of Saturn.
My 8, 35, 6, 47, was a German martyr.
My 9, 11, 42, 27, was the goddess of war.
My 10, 20, 45, 47, 46, 38, 6, was a German linguist.
My 11, 19, 21, 5, 27, was the goddess of infants.
My 12, 13, 20, 39, 43, was an Italian naval commander.
My 13, 20, 42, 15, 16, 3, 19, was the Queen of the Amazons.
My 14, 27, 36, 29, 45, 5, 28, 36, was a French writer.
My 15, 42, 20, 34, was one of the Nereids.
My 16, 19, 42, 40, 10, was a revolutionary patriot.
My 17, 30, 27, 47, was a title of Cupid.
My 18, 45, 1, 13, 11, was an American general.
My 19, 15, 9, was the goddess of revenge.
My 20, 36, 42, 32, 10, 20, was a Dutch admiral.
My 21, 16, 17, 46, 23, 4, was the goddess of laws and oracles.
My 22, 18, 24, 29, 8, was a revolutionary patriot.
My 23, 41, 45, 30, 36, 6, was the son of Dædalus, who, flying with his father out of Crete into Sicily, and soaring too high, melted the wax of his wings and fell into the sea.
My 24, 36, 47, 13, 11, was an English naval commander and navigator.
My 25, 38, 32, 43, was the goddess of silence.
My 26, 24, 46, 27, 30, 40, 47, was a Portugese poet.
My 27, 41, 18, 19, 25, 38, 6, was an ancient sea-god.
My 28, 13, 20, 12, 17, 26, was a Danish navigator, designer and mathematician.
My 29, 2, 9, 16, 23, 4, was the goddess of the sea.
My 30, 47, 29, 22, 9, 30, was an ancient Median queen.
My 31, 10, 20, 39, 18, was the wife of Mars.
My 32, 9, 30, 18, 14, 21, 29, 36, 47, 24, 20, 4, 45, was a Roman dictator.
My 33, 33, 24, 40, 30, 6, 47, were the guardian angels of women.
My 34, 39, 12, 17, 11, 19, 20, 44, 30, was a celebrated Austrian painter.
My 35, 27, 20, 38, 4, was a title of the sun.
My 36, 13, 24, 16, was a revolutionary patriot.
My 37, 38, 29, 40, was a celebrated English actor.
My 38, 20, 45, 36, 5, 19, was one of the muses.
My 39, 12, 18, 15, 16, 17, 19, was Jupiter's nurse.
My 40, 45, 30, 16, 5, 6, 47, 38, 4, was a very beautiful youth, who, falling in love with his own shadow in the water, pined away into a daffodil.
My 41, 20, 43, 11, 23, 9, 20, was an English martyr.
My 42, 20, 5, 19, 20, 7, 10, was an Italian poet.
My 43, 20, 23, 18, 6, 7, 27, was an Italian poet.
My 44, 5, 12, 34, was the daughter of Belus, the founder and Queen of Carthage, whom Virgil fables to have burnt herself through despair because Æneas left her.
My 45, 44, 12, 3, 6, 13, 34, was an English poet.
My 46, 28, 18, 34, 47, was a King of Phrygia who, entertaining Bacchus, had the power given him of turning whatever he touched into gold.
My 47, 21, 37, 31, 30, was a revolutionary patriot.
My whole were the last words of a patriotic statesman.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 40 letters.

My 1, 35, 34, 5, 13, 30, 34, is a favorite place of amusement.
My 28, 3, 30, 13, 3, 40, 14, often visits the West Indies.
My 12, 30, 34, 34, 15, 7, 17, 23, is one of the most celebrated towns of the West.
My 6, 13, 9, 34, 30, 11, 38, 30, 40, is famed for its dogs.
My 4, 30, 24, 40, 34, 35, 36, 27, 29, 39, is an authoress.
My 2, 34, 35, 30, 23, 18, 31, 19, 23, is celebrated as a statesman and orator.
My 26, 34, 34, 38, 27, 12, 16, 22, is a newly elected Mayor of my 12, 13, 34, 15, 7, 17, 31.
My 39, 32, 30, 10, 6, 34, is a lady's name.
My 36, 30, 6, 14, 15, 34, is a lady's name.
My whole is a most interesting and celebrated history.

Green Bay, Wis. GRACE THAXTER.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Readers, mine, if you are Jews,
To eat my first you will refuse;
And yet 'tis also some others think,
Tho' to eat much of it excites our "drink."

When some my second feel a little,
They think their life's thread very brittle;
And say they "next time toll the bell,
'Twill be to ring my funeral knell."

The "hoop" at present is my third;
Perhaps you, sir, do doubt my word,
But when you know I think you'll say,
The hoop prevails most certainly.

Mournful to friends of freedom came
The news that told my whole was dead,
On "field of honor" he was slain,
By a *gentleman* his blood was shed.

Wheeling. XELA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is seen in every house.
My second is a kind of grain.
My third and fourth are what every man wants.
My whole is what many seek. HARP.

Warren, Vt.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first, although a diminutive thing,
Before the sluggard an example doth bring:
Lovers are often compelled, you will find,
To resort to my second and third combined.
My whole an animal of swiftest pace,
Endowed with beauty, strength and grace.

CINROB.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.
Erase my 3 and 4 and I should be respected.
Erase my 1 and I am a kind of opening.
Erase my 1, 2, and 5, and I am a preposition.
With my 4, 5, and 1 combined, I become a stimulant.
With my 5, 3, and 4 combined, I become that which is done by every one.
My whole is a class of gems which admits of a high polish. "LEYDEN."

Centre Hill, Pa.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The first of four numbers is to the square of the third as the fourth is to the second; the second is to the third as the fourth is to 4; the first is to the third as the square of the fourth is to the square of the second, and the first is to the second as the third is to 3. The numbers are required?

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A, B, and C start from the same point, and all begin to travel the same way about an island 78 miles in circumference. A goes at the rate of 6 miles a day, B 10 miles a day, and C 16 miles a day, in what time will they be together again? JOHN MAUGMAN.

Kintnersville, Bucks Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why ought a person who is confined to his bed never be believed? Ans.—Because he "lies."

☞ What key is the hardest to turn? Ans.—A donkey.

☞ Why is good advice like a sickle? Ans.—Because it goes against the "grain."

☞ How can a family always obtain light bread? Ans.—By buying of a cheating baker.

☞ What is the worst kind of fare for a man to live on? Ans.—Warfare.

☞ Why is a woman in the latest fashionable dress like a man running the gauntlet among the Indians? Ans.—Because she's surrounded with whoops (hoops.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—I have but one lamp by which I am guided, and that is the lamp of experience.—Patrick Henry. MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—Robert Tymothy Hurd, first Mayor of the Consolidated City of Philadelphia. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Saint Lawrence river discovered and explored by the French. CHARADE.—Rain-bo. CHARADE.—Rattan. CHARADE.—Green grass. PHILOSOPHICAL PROBLEM.—17.7 times. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—£9 5s.